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Opal Stanley Whiteley
Nov. 22nd
1918

THE FAIRYLAND AROUND US

BY

OPAL STANLEY WHITELEY

Opal Stanley Whiteley

The Hows and Whys
And Whens and Wherefores
Of the Ways of our little neighbors
Round about home,
And a little distant
 in the fields and woods—
Some of whom you have met before,
And others for whom you
 will eagerly watch and listen.

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OPAL STANLEY WHITELEY

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TO YOU

LITTLE CHILDREN OVER THE WORLD
WHO ARE DREAMING OF A FAIRYLAND FAR DISTANT
AND
WHO ARE LONGING TO KNOW THE FAIRIES
THIS BOOK OF
THE FAIRYLAND AROUND US IN GOD'S OUTDOORS
IS DEDICATED
AND ALSO TO YOU GROWN-UPS
WHO HAVE KEPT YOUR FAITH IN CHILDHOOD
AND
WHO ARE SEEKING INSPIRATION FOR YOUR WORK
IN THE EVERYDAY THINGS AROUND YOU
THIS BOOK
IS
DEDICATED
BY
ONE WHO LOVES THIS FAIRYLAND AROUND US
AND
WHO HAS FOUND THEREIN A BIGGER VISION OF LIFE
AND OF LIFE'S SUPREME JOY—SERVICE

FOREWORD

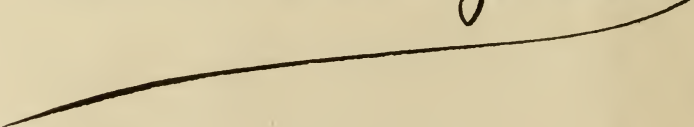
It was a French story-teller who said: "We must lay up a stock of enthusiasms in our youth, or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way."

It is the finest part of education to fill the mind of youth with these enthusiasms, to teach him to know the world about him because he loves it—to love the world about him because he knows it—to make friends with all the things of nature, great and small, he meets when he goes forth every day—to know and love the little world about him which is after all the fairer part of the great world we call the Universe of God.

And the joys of seeing and knowing and doing are the real joys of life. We may know a real joy from a spurious pleasure by this—it leaves no sting, it brings no weakness, it clears the way for more joys and more strength. Moreover, as Agassiz used to say: "This is the charm of Nature herself: She brings us back to absolute Truth—every time we wander."

This is a word of greeting to an unique Nature book, the work of a young woman who is a real lover of Nature. It is an effort to give our boys and girls a right start in the joys of life. It opens their eyes to the charms and glories shown all around them. It draws them toward a sympathy with the problems of life which beset every man and beast and bird among us and which one way or another we are called on to solve. It swells the stock of these youthful enthusiasms which so long as they last keep the heart young and make life the better worth living.

David Starr Jordan



It is a beautiful thing to have been livingly interested from childhood in the "Fairyland Around Us." It is still more beautiful to have followed it up to years of maturity, and to desire, and to be able to, impart the same love of Nature to other children. This has been the good fortune and the good feeling of Miss Whiteley, whose book I have watched in process of

construction and can understand pretty thoroughly in its scope and quality. It is very real, and very inspiring. It springs from a genuine love and understanding, and it is fortified by conscientious and thorough study. I think there is nothing like it in the English language; and that even the beautiful French books for the same purpose are not so helpful.

God's Wonder-world is very largely wasted on us, nowadays, because we pay no attention to it. We don't see the beauty in the blade of grass, nor in the drop of rain, nor in the love-making of the flower, nor in the industry of the bee, nor the reason why some birds have beautiful songs and others beautiful coats. We could not turn around even a city lot without finding something to fascinate us, if we had either the knowledge or the imagination to see what is there.

This book of this earnest young woman is one I can gladly commend to the parents of boys and girls of any age. Normal children of six or seven are quite old enough to appreciate it, and those of 18 or 20 none too old. I know parents so farsighted that they are taking the book for the future of their children now only a few months old. Miss Whiteley has kept the child's point of view of Nature—which means the poet's point of view. I don't see how she can fail to interest any wholesome child in the Little Next-door Neighbors.

It is a book of lasting value and charm in the education of the young generation. Dr. David Starr Jordan examined the book in my house, very carefully, and his fine foreword would carry weight anywhere.

Entirely aside from the spiritual and educational value of this beautiful book, it is of very serious material worth. As every mother knows, the way to keep youngsters out of "mischief" is to employ their minds and hands. Any youngster who becomes interested in the birds and flowers and beasties will have a lot of mental occupation and no real excuse for getting into "mischief." For this utilitarian reason alone, the book will pay for itself many times over.

Anyone who has studied Nature in any sense, or knows the Outdoors, must welcome everything that in an honest, competent way calls any attention in the wonder-world right under our noses, to which we have become nearly blind. And this book is very worthy in this important responsibility.

The fact that this tireless young woman has financed the book by her own efforts, has been her own publisher and circulator, adds interest. It is a notable achievement for a girl of 20.

Chas. F. Sumner -

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."—Bryant.

"The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."—Mencius.

"In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God."—Milton.

"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings."—Bryant.

"Spring! Spring! Beautiful Spring!
Laden with glory and light you come;
With the leaf, the bloom and the butterfly's wing,
Making our earth a fairy home."

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

"In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little can I read."—Shakespeare.

"Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; . . . well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being."—Wordsworth.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Nature is given as the great matrix with which we are to create, and to go through life with no attempt to gain a knowledge of it, with no effort to learn its possibilities, is dull, dead atheism. The child that puts forth creative effort to make the world better, the child that plants a seed or cares for the life of an animal, is working hand in hand with nature and the Creator, and what higher religious development can we desire than that he become the "reflected image of God"?—Hodge.

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AURELIUS EVANGEL IN SEARCH OF THE JOYOUS BLUE

One day the All-wise Father perceiving that the Children of Men were having "blue" days did send the little Wind Fairy, Aurelius Evangel, in search of the Joyous Blue. So he started forth upon his journey in search of all fairies who wear the blue—and seeking he found them as he went through fields and meadows, along streams, and into shady woods. Herein is recorded a part of his journey. 'Tis recorded that you the Children of Men each day may seek for the Joyous Blue in the Fairyland around you—and that seeking you may find—and finding you may come to understand the greatness, the tenderness, and the wisdom of His great love. So as ye read herein seek ye for the Joyous Blue. Seek and find and make it a part of your daily life. This, then is the message of Aurelius Evangel, and these are they whom he sought and found.

'Twas in the month of April, middle month o' spring, that he found Wild Hyacinth in blossom, and her flowers—they were pale violet blue. Unto her blossoms came Bees, Butterflies, Ants, Wasps and Beetles. Her scientific name was *Quamasia hyacinthina*. Cousin of many Lily Fairies was she.

Where a mountain stream came tumbling along Aurelius Evangel paused and listened to its music—and to the Earth-things talking near it. And as he lay among the mosses saw he not far away bells of blue swaying in the wind. "They are the Bluebells of Scotland," he exclaimed with joy. So he found the Scottish Bluebells, cousins of Cardinal flower and Lobelia; and he watched the Bees and Butterflies come unto them.

About Willow fairies he saw Mourning Cloak Butterflies, they who had blue spots upon their dark brown wings near their golden margins.

Aurelius upon seeing Bluebird, the fairy of happiness, thought:

This earliest May Day herald
This prophet of the spring,
Has brought celestial color
Upon his breezy wing.

Heaven loves to scatter earthward
Flakes of its own soft hue;
The first bird, the last blossom
Wear the same shade of blue.

THE JOYOUS BLUE

By the roadside he met Blue Larkspur, whose other name, Delphinium, was given to her by the great Linnaeus, because of a fancied resemblance to a dolphin. After observing the Bees and Butterflies coming to her, he asked a question whose answer he wanted very much to know. And when he asked who her cousins were, Blue Larkspur answered: "They, my cousins are, who belong to the Crowfoot family, and among them are Marsh-Mari-gold, Columbines, Buttercups, Anemones, Hepatica, Gold Thread and Virgin's Bower."

"And who among your cousins wear the blue?"

"Seek and ye shall find," answered Larkspur.

So Aurelius Evangel went forth and sought and found:

Cousin Columbine, wearing a dress of blue; Cousin Columbine, whose grandmother did dwell in a little girl's own grandmother's garden. And when Wind Fairy remarked about her being an immigrant, Blue Columbine hastened to assure him that she was now Americanized, and that it was her great, great, great, great great grandmother who immigrated from Europe. And she also told him that some of her grandmothers a long time ago dwelt in gardens, but that many of their descendants had traveled beyond the gar-dens and dwell in the fields and woods.

And Cousin Hepatica, whose blossoming time began with the beginning of the springtime, wore the blue upon her sepals.

A little way distant he saw in the stream, wading in the stream, Great Blue Heron, the fisherman, dressed in colors of sky and water. And coming to him he began to tell him of his mission, and when he had finished Great Blue Heron told him that he had already learned of his mission from Rain-drop, by whom he had been interviewed three days and six hours and four-teen minutes previously. Aurelius Evangel learned of Great Blue Heron where he builded his home in Heron Town in the tops of fir trees, some four miles away—and that his cousins were other Herons: Little Blue Heron, Green Heron, Black-crowned Night Heron—also Bitterns and Egrets. Then Wind Fairy, balancing himself upon the end of a water reed, did raise his right hand and solemnly promise Great Blue Heron that he would guide Liloriole, who was in search of the homes of Fairyland, to Heron Town in Treetops.

In a canyon among the foothills he encountered Western Blue Grosbeak, he who is a member of the Fringillidae family, and thereby a cousin of Gold-finches, Song Sparrows, Juncos, Cardinals, Towhees, Snowflakes and Cross-bills. Wind Fairy learned of him where he would find others among his family who wore the Joyous Blue—where he would find Indigo Bunting and Lazuli Bunting.

THE JOYOUS BLUE

When again Aurelius Evangel saw in moist meadows the Bluets he thought perhaps God used the same bowl of blue paint to paint the Bluets as he did when painting the sky. "We have other names, too," piped a little Bluet. "They are Quaker Bonnets, Venus' Pride and Innocence. Our scientific name is *Houstonia*. Button-bush, Partridge-vine and Bedstraw are our cousins." Then Wind Fairy remembered this verse which he had learned from a little boy :

"So frail, these smiling babies,
Near mossy pasture bars,
Where the blood-root now so coyly
Puts forth her snowy stars,
And the maple tall and slender,
With blossoms red and sweet,
Looks down upon the bluets
Close nestled at her feet;
'Innocents' the children call them,—
These floral babies small."—Ray Lawrance

With the Butterfly Pea fairies, they whose petals are lavender blue, they who are cousins of Clover and Sweet Pea, they whose scientific name is *Clitoria mariana*, Aurelius Evangel tarried three hours and thirty-three minutes. Then he proceeded.

Blue Sailors beside the road, Blue Sailors dwelling in waste places—'twas often Aurelius Evangel met them and glad was he to see them. Other names had they—Chicory and Succory. Cousins of Dandelion, Wild Lettuce and Rattlesnake weed are the Chicory fairies. By Italian children they are called *Cicorea*. By Spanish children they are called *Achicoria*. By Russian children they are called *Tsikorei*.

In a pond grew the Pickerel Weed and its blossoms—they were purplish blue, even the filaments and anthers were so. He sat upon a leaf and watched the Flies and Bees come unto the blossoms of Pickerel Weed. Her scientific name is *Pontederia cordata*.

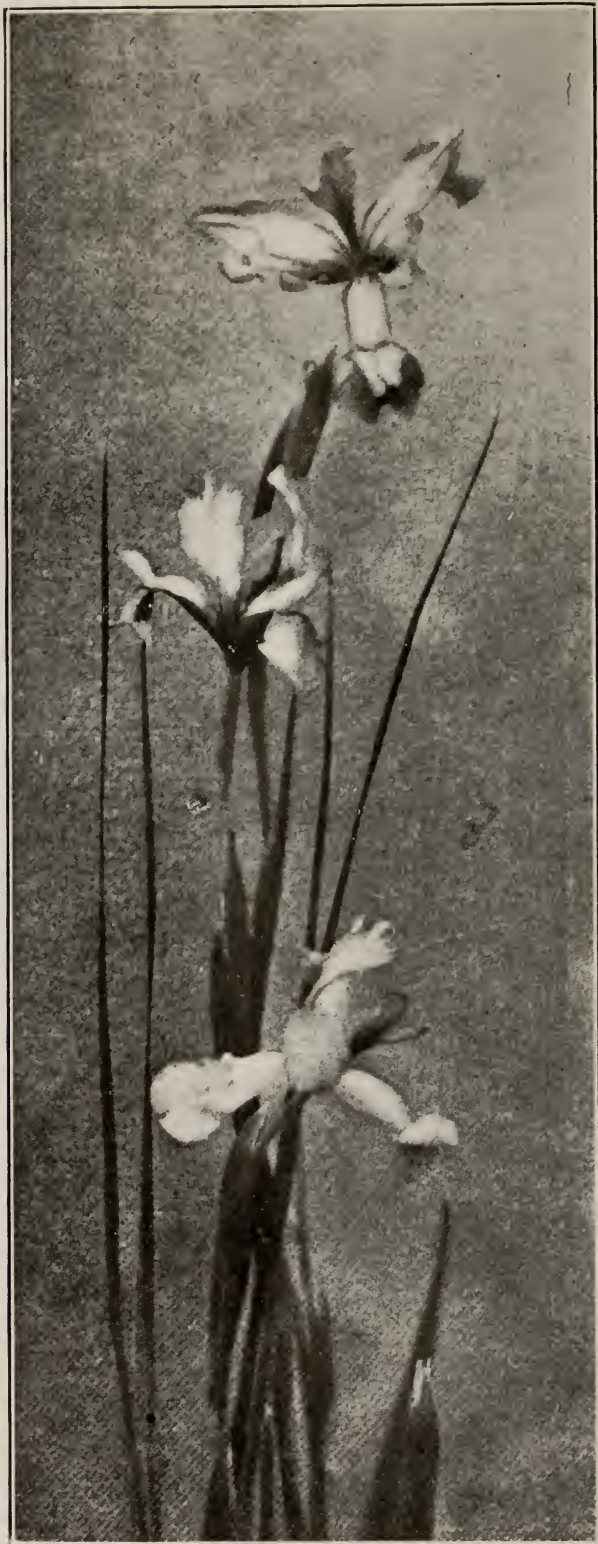
In a field he found in blossom Indian Tobacco, and her flowers were pale blue. He learned that her scientific name was *Lobelia inflata*, that she belonged to the Bellflower family and was a cousin of Harebell, Cardinal Flower and *Lobelia*.

Among the hills after much searching about he found in a rocky ravine a cousin of the Buttercup—*Virgin's Bower*, and her flowers were purplish blue.

In a field dwelt Blue-weeds, and Aurelius Evangel in his search for the Joyous Blue came unto this field. And he learned that these Blue-weed fairies were cousins of *Virginia Cowslip*, *Vervain*, *Verbena* and *Forget-me-not*.



LAZULI BUNTING.
(*Passerina amoena*).
 $\frac{7}{8}$ Life-size.



FLEUR-DE-LIS

THE JOYOUS BLUE

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around?
When even the blue deep heavens look glad,
And gladness blooms from the blossoming ground?"—Bryant

And, coming to the fairy Flax, he told them of the poet, of the poet Longfellow, and of his saying: "Blue were her eyes as the Fairy Flax." And he told them of their other name, Linum—told these dainty fairies with delicate petals of blue bending and bowing to the whispering breezes, of how their other name, Linum, comes from the Celtic word lin, which means "thread."

There Aurelius Evangel saw the Fleur-de-lis, saw the blue Iris, that which Ruskin called the flower of chivalry, with a sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart—saw the Fleur-de-lis, and coming nearer thought that surely Mother Nature had placed thereon some of the colors of the rainbow of the sky, lest the children of men passing by should forget.

"Where shall I find your little sister, Blue-eyed Grass?" And the answer came:

"Blue-eyed grass in the meadow
And yarrow blooms on the hill,
Cat-tails that rustle and whisper,
And winds that are never still;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow
A linnets nest near by,
Blackbirds carolling clearly
Somewhere between earth and sky."

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow
And the laden bees' low hum,
Milkweeds all by the roadside,
To tell us summer is come."

"And there you will find my little sister 'Blue-eyed Grass,'
Gently gazing toward the sky,
Answering the azure blue on high."

Beside the brook he found Blue Monkey Flower, who was thus named because of a fancied resemblance to a little monkey's face—Blue Monkey Flower, cousin of Mullein, Figwort, Butter and Eggs, Beard Tongue, Indian Paint Brush, Owl's Clover, Wood Betony, Synthyris and Veronica. And he watched her guests, the insects, coming and going and carrying pollen with them. He learned that scientists called her by another name—Mimulus.

In the month of August when the days of great heat had come and seemingly silenced many of earth's singers, here and yonder in plain view, the Wind Fairy would see and hear the Indigo Bird singing and to the Children of Men bringing a bit of cheer.

THE JOYOUS BLUE

Then he did alight and sit upon the edge of a rose leaf and thought unto himself all the verses he had been learning of blue flowers, and some of them were these :

Blue-bells, on blue-hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you.
Here's a little child would fain at the vesper-time
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.

Among the pines he saw the Arctic Bluebird, saw *Sialia arctica*—cousin of other Bluebirds and Robins.

In a shady place that was damp on a day that was one of the thirty days in June he came unto Day-flower, she who wore the Joyous Blue upon her petals. *Commelina virginica* was her scientific name. To the Spiderwort family she belonged. Wandering Jew and Job's Tears were her cousins.

On his journey too he saw the light blue and bright blue blossoms of California Lilac. This fairy Blue Blossom belongs to the Buckthorn family, and is an evergreen shrub. Quail fairies like its dark seeds.

When again he saw Blue Larkspur he learned that they had another name—"Espuela del Caballero," which means "the cavalier's spur."

On a gravelly bank near a stream he found the blue flowers of Wild Heliotrope. Too, along the railroad he saw these fairy blossoms—sometimes they were violet. Of course he learned that this fairy is not a true Heliotrope, but belongs to the Baby-eyes family.

Some times upon his journey, as Aurelius Evangel came near unto rivers, he saw a Duck with blue upon its wings—saw the Blue-wing Teal. Other Ducks saw he too with blue upon their wings—Cinnamon Teal and Spoonbill.

Also he saw Blue-Bill—a Duck with bluish bill. Widgeon Duck and Baldpate had bills blue with black tips. Now—the scientific name of Blue-bill is *Aythya marila*—of Widgeon, *Mareca penelope*—and of Baldpate, *Mareca americana*.

When again he met Chicory by the wayside he remembered the poet writing of these fairies growing :

"Where tired feet toil to and fro;
Where flaunting sin may see thy heavenly hue,
Or weary sorrow look from thee toward a tenderer blue."



INDIGO BUNTING.
(*Passerina cyanea*).
About Life-size.

THE JOYOUS BLUE

In the moist meadow he found Blue Vervain—whose other names are Wild Hyssop and Simpler's Joy. Near by found he, too, her close cousin, European Vervain. And he lingered afar off wondering how he should address her—Herb-of-the-Cross, Berbine, Simpler's Joy, Holy Herb, Enchanter's Plant, Pigeon-Grass, Juno's Tears, or Lightning Plant—all these names being her own. And while yet he waited afar off, Vervain, having heard of his mission from the South Wind, called him. It was a wonderful morning Wind Fairy had with the Vervains—they who grow by waysides and in waste places, and who are sometimes by the children of men called weeds. But Wind Fairy told me and asked me to tell you, the children of men, that much of interest often centers around a weed. He told me much of Vervain and wanted you to know these things, too, so I am writing them here for you. Children of the men of long ago knew these Vervains that we meet growing in the waste places. Many things were said of them and thought of them—and when again you see the Vervain think of these things: To the Druids it was a sacred plant—and in the olden days it was said that witches used it—also that it would keep the witches away; so in the days of Shakespeare children hung Vervain, and another plant, with a horseshoe over the door—and the early Christians held this Vervain in high regard as a general cure for all, because it was found growing on Mount Calvary—and in the days of Pliny, the Roman brides gathered a cousin of this Vervain with which to make their bridal wreaths.

On he journeyed to Gentian—Fringed Gentian, of whom Bryant wrote:

“Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds have flown,
Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.”

Wind Fairy had learned a legend of Fringed Gentians—and he told it unto them:

“Once to the angel of birds, far up in the rippling air
From low on the sun-loved earth
The angel of flowers breathed a prayer.
Four plumes from the bluebird's wing
And I'll make me something rare;
Four plumes from the bluebird's wing
As fast to the south he flew
The angel of flowers caught them up
As they fell in the autumn dew,
And shaped with a twirl of her fingers
This spire of feathery blue.”

Here and yonder, near little mud puddles in the woods and by the wayside, he would find the Blue Butterflies, tiny, dainty fairies with blue upon their wings.



THE JOYOUS BLUE

“O Blue Jay up in the little tree
A-tossing your saucy head at me
With never a word at my questioning.
Pray cease for a moment your tink-a-link
You bonny bit of spring.
Did you dip your wings into azure dye
When April began to paint the sky
That was pale with the winter’s stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright
’Neath the warm gold breast of a sunbeam bright
By the river one blue springday?”

This he said to Blue Jay—this which he heard a little girl saying the day before this day, which was yesterday.

The day that he met Job’s Tears was a summer day and a warm one. In the woods was where he met these cousins of Day-flower and Wandering Jew. And even as he watched it he observed that it was only the flower of a part of a day for in the afternoon he saw its petals “dissolve in tears.” So he told the Boys and Girls of this fairy and of why it was so named. Watch for it and, if it grows not near you, plant it so that you may have it near-by.

When he saw the Scottish Bluebells again he thought of that dear old song :

“Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers
His pastures of perfume, and rose-coloured dells,
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
The bluebells of Scotland, the Scottish bluebells.”

In fields and by wayside Blue Vetch fairies welcomed Aurelius and he learned that these cousins of Lupine and Clover and Sweet Pea did also dwell in Europe and in Asia. He saw Bumble-bees come unto these flowers, and some did take nectar in the way that Mother Nature meant they should; but some did nip a part of the flower to get nectar more quickly. All this Aurelius saw as he tarried near these Tinegrass fairies, these Blue Vetch fairies.

Too, upon his journey he found Baby Blue-eyes, darling little flowers by the way. Each time he saw a Baby Blue-eyes in blossom he told it of another Baby with eyes of blue.

When he came to the blue eggs in the Robin’s nest he thought of the verse :

“The winds blow east, the winds blow west,
The blue eggs in the robin’s nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast
And flutter and fly away.”—Longfellow.

THE JOYOUS BLUE

"Such a starved bank of moss,
'Till that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across,
Violets were born."—Browning.

And just then through the twilight dim,
Somewhere a voice was calling to him,
"O, WIND FAIRY," then softly, "My Brother
I know, and I'll tell you another."

"I know, blue, modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn,
I know the place you came from
And the way that you are born.
When God cut holes in heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He let the scraps fall down to earth—
The little scraps are you."

Over the pond he saw flitting a blue-winged Dragon fly.

Nearby he saw the Swallow, "the Swallow of the mud nest, he with blue and chestnut breastplate, he with snow upon his forehead."

Along the road here and there he found Oregon Grape with its beautiful clusters of blue berries. And he learned that 'twas the state flower of Oregon, and was also called Oregon Holly.

With the blue Lupine fairies in the field he lingered three days. When evening came and the leaves went to "sleep" Aurelius Evangel would creep into a flower and nestle there until the first Sunbeam fairies woke him up in the morning. While he tarried with Lupine fairies he learned that they were cousins of Sweet Pea, Clover and Scotch Broom.

Along the way from day to day Aurelius Evangel saw, and thought beautiful indeed, the Cuckoo flies wearing bright sky blue. And he learned that they belonged to the family Chrysididae. Two of these dainty blue fairies were named *Chrysis parvula* and *Chrysis smaragdula*.

And in his wanderings found he too Blue-Throated Hummingbird. Aurelius perched on a leaf near unto him and watched him take his breakfast of plant lice.

Among the smaller fairy Butterflies who wore the blue upon their wings Aurelius Evangel learned to know well *Thecla haesus*, *Thecla m-album* and *Thecla clytie*.

In July along a woodland stream he came upon Blue Tangle. It belongs among the Joyous Blue, not because of its flowers, which are greenish pink, but because of its dark-blue berries. Aurelius tiptoed upon a leaf and took a wee bite of one, for his breakfast, then he took a wee bite for dinner—and yet there was left three-fourths of a berry.

THE JOYOUS BLUE

But the tenderest blue of all that he found upon his journey was the blue of a Mother's eyes. And soft was the light in her eyes as she cuddled her children close about her in the twilight hour. Aurelius hovered near the children, but they knew him not. They only thought the wind was near. How he loved the children all along the way I cannot tell, for his love for them was too deep and too great to tell; but the greatness of his love was shown in his daily striving to help them to find the Joyous Blue.

On his journey he found the Helmet-flower growing in a meadow—and he watched the Bees come unto their blue flowers.

Along the way he met a Butterfly mother, *Argynnis diana*; and her beautiful velvet black wings had blue spots upon them.

Only one moth he saw with blue upon its wings and that was *Composita fidelissima*.

When Aurelius came unto the Closed Gentians, cousins of the Fringed Gentians, he perceived that someone was there before him. Someone had started into a blossom, but the back end of him and his legs were sticking out. Even as Wind Fairy watched Sir Bumble-bee backed out—and was off again to another plant. Aurelius said unto himself "Really these Bees do help Mother Nature in sending Baby Seeds into the world for as they journey from flower to flower they carry pollen from flower to flower." Then he crept into the blossom from which Sir Bumblebee had just backed out and cuddled down for a nice afternoon nap. And the soft summer songs of his brother Wind Fairies among the trees lulled him to sleep.

Throughout the summer and in early autumn days he often met the Blue Aster fairies—and he learned that their name Aster came from a Greek word meaning star, and that they were cousins of Sunflower, Dandelion, Daisy and Thistle.

When he came to the darling Forget-me-nots he told them of this legend:

"When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name
There came a little blue-eyed one.
All timidly it came
And standing at the Father's feet
And gazing in His face
It said in low and trembling tones
Yet with a gentle grace
"Dear Lord, the name Thou gavest me
Alas I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked Him down
And said "Forget-me-not."



STELLAR'S JAY.
½ Life-size.



TWILIGHT, AND THEN—NIGHT

To the Birds belongs the morning hour; but to us, to you and me, and some of our little brothers of the field and forest, this hour belongs. It is the hour when we think about the things that are yet to be. We dream and we listen—listen to the lullaby songs of the Trees, to the twilight chorus of the Frogs, to the Vesper Sparrow, to all Mother Nature's evening music we listen and dream—and in the midst of our dreaming stop to ask Mother or Father about things, where things come from and what they are here for. And some things seem so far away, and some things seem so near in this the twilight hour—our own hour.

Twilight—and then night.
But child hearts need not fear,
For wee little folk are about—
After the lights at home are out,
And shy little feet scamper over the forest floor;
Sweet is the night, and rich its childhood lore,
For the shy little folk of the forest dim,
And the shy little people of the field
Are all under the care of Him
Who teaches mankind little children to shield.

Last night I went into the Forest. Moonbeam fairies brightened the path that leads towards the Cathedral and into the woods beyond. I went softly—and listened—and I heard the patter, patter of hurrying little feet scurrying over the woodland floor. Now and then I stopped very still and kept so for a few minutes—and saw these little folks who made those faint patterings and rustlings as they went this way and that. A Wood-rat scampered across my path. Farther along a Skunk moved from one log to another—'twas no other than my chum o' two years, Julius Caesar Napoleon. It happened that I had some beetle grubs with me. A little ways I went and saw—a great Owl circling about. Seven trees and two logs distant I came upon the Flying Squirrel fairies. Down the path fifty paces and two stumps to the right were four dear Wood Mice. The night is wonderful. Over my head the tall Fir trees reached upward to the sky. Through their branches

TWILIGHT, AND THEN—NIGHT

Moonbeam fairies came and glorified the tiny mosses and vines. Upon the harp-strings of these forest trees the wind musicians played sweet lullabies. A forest Moth and yet another I saw within the Cathedral. A Deer passed near me, and a little farther on I saw a Fawn. The brook was singing a night song—and the song which it sang in the night was as sweet as the song it sang through the day. Peace was in the forest—Peace was in my heart. Why should I fear the night or the darkness? God keeps His little folk of the forest—God keeps me. I love the night, its voices and its music, and the wee little folk about—and I trust in Him, and am happy.

“The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.”—Longfellow.

Now, some of the wee folk about after the lights at home are out are Owls—Long-eared Owls and Short-eared Owls, Barred Owls, Barn Owls and Spotted Owls, Horned Owls and Pygmy Owls, Saw-whet Owls and Screech-Owls.

“Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit,
To-who, a merry note.”—Shakespeare.

And these are more of the folk about after the lights at home are out—Whip-poor-will, Flying Squirrels, White-footed Mice, and other mice, too.

“The filmy shapes that haunt the dusk.”—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*.

Other folks about in the night are the Moths—those fairies who differ from the Butterflies in—

Their antennae (horns) being not club-shaped, but fern-like or thread-like.

Their bodies being more plump.

Their manner of carrying their wings when at rest.

Their time of activity—the Butterflies being on wing in the daytime, the majority of Moths at night, dusk and twilight of early morning.

“The Sphinx is drowsy, her wings are furled.”—Emerson.

Among the dear fairy Moths on wing in the night time in different parts of this country are: Sphinx, *Telea polyphemus*, *Samia cecropia*, *Io*, *Cynthia*, *Luna*, *Catocala* and our Tiger Moth.

“All diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable, of stains, and splendid dyes,
As are the Tiger Moth’s deep damask wings.”—Keats.

Many others are there too—all those above I have raised from the egg—and known from babyhood to grown-up Mothhood—and in another Fairyland book to follow this are their life stories and portraits.



FLYING SQUIRREL.
Sciuropterus volans (Linnacus).
½ Life-size.

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TWILIGHT—AND THEN, NIGHT

He's a dear fairy—Bat is. And he isn't blind, either. And he has the cutest pug-nose. His mouth is so pink. Flitter-Mice we children sometimes call them—for they are a little like dear mice with angel wings. Of course, grown-ups would not think that—but truly, the wing of a Bat is a wonderful thing. Now, the sensitive nerves in the wing of a Bat help him to know when objects are near—and he sails, he does, in between, under and over some things that folks, if they had wings, would bump into. You know of course that Bat fairy is a catcher of gnats and mosquitoes. It appears to me that as he sails along his mouth is open—which of course is an aid in scooping in more insects. Now, the fur of a Bat is soft as silk. Once I had three pet Bats—Aristotle, Plato and Pliny. Now, this I know—Bats are not dirty creatures, as some people suppose. It's wonderfully interesting to see how particular Bat fairy is about his personal cleanliness. My pet, Pliny, would take the edges of his wings in his mouth—and the way he went about cleaning them made it seem to me that they were like the rubber tissue the cook at the cook house uses in mending things. Pliny would scratch his head with his hind foot—too, he would wash his face with the fore part of his wing—and then lick this wash-cloth clean. I fed my Bats flies, gnats and mosquitoes (which I raised for the purpose in a rain-barrel—and which was destroyed when discovered by the grown-ups—as it should have been—although I didn't think I ought to have quite such a hard spanking for having this mosquito nursery—because I learned heaps about the great service Bats are to a community in consuming unlimited quantities of pest mosquitoes). The evening before the mosquito nursery was destroyed Aristotle ate and ate mosquitoes—until he ate so many that he died. It was because I wrote on his tombstone about his dying of the consuming of too many mosquitoes that the grown-ups learned of my securing mosquitoes for his feeding by maintaining a mosquito nursery. (Now, those mosquitoes were screened over so that they escaped not—but even screened-in mosquitoes for feeding unto Bats come under the condemnation of grown-ups—and Grandpa explained to me why, so now I understand. Anyway, there are plenty of gnats and flies still at large for the feeding of Pliny and Plato.) It was a truly Fairyland way in which I found Plato and Pliny. You see, it was just this way—I had often fed their mother at my study window. Then several evenings she came and was gone again so quickly. One evening when awaiting her coming I noticed her stopping at a near-by Lilac bush. Quickly I stepped out of the window on the other side—and in a moment was at this bush. On a branch there hung two darling Baby Bats. You see, Baby Bats are born in July, and this was July time. Next evening she came to the window with them clinging to her neck. No, she didn't feed them insects. She cradled them in those soft wings of hers, and they nursed from her breasts. Later they would eat insects from my hand.

IN THE EARLY MORNING

❁ I love the early morning
When dawn comes adorning
These hills, these valleys, and these fields;
And night her tender shadows and darkness yields
Unto the coming of the dawn.
Slowly across the east a cloud floats along—
Here and yonder other birds break into song—
The mountains are tinged with glory—
The cloud floats on:
The sun comes o'er the hills
With tender wondrous beauty the valley fills—
And on the grass
Through which I pass
Glimmer and shimmer the jewels of dew.
I see them glisten as I listen
To the Earth-folk talking along the way—
So begins my day.
As thus I listen and lift my eyes to the blue
I feel deep, deep within me anew
The glory, the gladness,
The sweet and tender sadness
Of God's good world.
In the early morning
There enters into my life
The strength and the peace of my beloved mountains.

IN THE EARLY MORNING

I love the early morning.
I love it for many things—
For the pureness of the air,
For the joy in life here and there,
For the bird that early sings
And to my heart a lasting joy brings—
And to the world yet unawake
Would inspiration give, and take
Away distrust and fear.
His singing here
And at this hour
Brings Our Father near
Kindling within a faith sincere
In His love and power—
For as I listen longer
My trust in Him grows stronger.
This little woodland singer,
He who sings at early dawn, is the bringer
Of love and peace, and with these trust and rest,
And all that we in life love best.

ALONG THE ROAD

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading me where I choose,
Strong and content I travel the open road."—Whitman.

The Wayside—many fairies dwell there. And great is the joy that comes from knowing these fairies—knowing who they are, where they come from, to what families they belong, where their homes are builded, and little things about their every day life. Dear Folk are these along the way. Some are big and some are little. Some are short and some are tall. Some wing their way through the air whereas others grow from out the earth. Some hurry and scurry about. Others move more slowly. Some are dressed in colors bright and gray. Others are clad in sober shades that blend with Earth and Moss, and leaves 'round about them. Some are busy all day long—others turn night into day. Many and many are shy—Therefore go quietly among them. Keep your eyes open and listen. And going thus and watching so, every minute will be filled with interest—for numberless are the fairies along the way, the fairies you may see and know every day.

And the things recorded in this chapter and in this book are as I have watched them from hour to hour throughout all the days of my childhood. A notebook in my pocket (wherein was carried food for Birds and many other fairies) and a pencil were my constant companions on my Nature walks. Because so much I wanted to help other Girls and Boys find the same big joy in God's great out-of-doors that I was daily finding, I carefully wrote down the little things of the everyday life of the field and forest as I watched them. I felt that my life work was the helping of people—little folk and the grown-up folk, too, who hadn't grown up too much—to find the big and abiding joy in companionship with the everyday things around them in the out-of-doors. So I have been working on this book all these years. And the things herein recorded are as I have found them and as you may find them. Of the wonderful happiness that will be yours in the finding of them I cannot tell in words. It is so big that it fills each day with an abiding joy in life, with faith in the people about you, with trust in God—and helps you to overcome the difficulties along the way. So the companionship with God in the great outdoors has meant to my life, and so it may mean in yours. As you go along the way—keep your eyes open and listen.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere."

—James Whitcomb Riley.





ALONG THE ROAD

ALONG THE ROAD

"I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive,—what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time."—Browning.

The birds are coming North again. From day to day new ones we see—and seeing them we think and wonder about their finding their way from lands far distant.

March 3rd—Saw five Velvet-Cloak Butterflies—they whose other names are Vanessa Antiopa, Morning-Cloak, and Camberwell Beauty. Did you know that these fairies hibernate during the winter? They came to the saucers of sweetened water we placed on two fence-posts for them.

"I heard the woodpecker pecking,
The bluebird tenderly sing;
I turned and looked out of the window,
And lo, it was Spring."

The March winds come and the March winds go—and we children love them so. For, O, how good it feels to race along the road with the wind tossing one's curls. And I truly think there's many a fairy that likes to scamper about when March winds blow.

Which ever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

March 9th—Johnny-Jump-up is here and Johnny-Jump-up is there. O, who is this Johnny-Jump-up? He is a member of the Violet family, of course. And his petals they are yellow. And the sight of him brings joy to we children's hearts.

March 17th—Shooting Stars are in blossom. We children counted one hundred and three on the way from school—and left them blooming there—those quaint, purple-pink flowers, with their nice little noses. Other names have they beside Shooting Star—Bird Bills, Prairie Pointers, Crow's Bills and American Cowslip. They belong to the Primrose family. Have you watched the Bumble-bees come to the blossoms?

"March! march! march! They are coming,
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind,
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before."—Larcum.

ALONG THE ROAD

"Under a budding hedge I hid while April rain went by
But little raindrops came slipping through, fresh from a laughing sky;
A-many little scurrying drops, laughing the song they sing
Soon found me where I sought to hide, and pelted me with Spring"—O. Sheet

Now is March time—but truly April rain is here. I was prancing along down the road with Isaiah, the Shepherd Dog; Mary Jane, who used to be a little Lamb, but who is now a grown-up fairy—and with me were also seventeen Woolly Bear caterpillars who have been napping through the winter—well, we were caught in April rain, and we liked its music, and to feel the raindrops trickle down over our noses. (The Woolly Bear Caterpillars I held out that they might have a shower bath.)

"It is the first mild day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.
Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
—It is the hour of feeling."—Wordsworth.

Little Lamb fairies were playing about to-day. We children love Lamb fairies. Our pet Lamb's name is Mary Jane—we raised her on the bottle—and now that she is older grown she wanders away to feed alone—but at evening time she comes to romp—and glad times we all have together. Mary Jane and Isaiah, the Shepherd Dog, are very good friends. Mary Jane scampers along at the heels of Isaiah as he brings the cows home to the pasture bars—and sometimes (the times I'm not scampering along beside Mary Jane) I sit on the gate post and wait for her and Isaiah.

"The children whirl around in a ring,
And laugh and sing, and dance and sing;
But the blackbird whistles clear, O clear:
"The Spring, the Spring!"—Wheelock.

March time is seed planting time for some Baby Seeds. To-day in the garden we have planted them there—dear little fairies to be are wrapped up in the tiny things there. My—but isn't this a wonderful Fairyland?

"A seed we say is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all earth's workman, laboring
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed."

ALONG THE ROAD

"There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by."—Bryant.

April 7th—Don't you love to watch the Swallow fairies? How wonderful it would be to sail through the air as they do, but truly it is wonderful to watch them. And how well suited are they for their life in the air. Have you noticed how large a Baby Swallow's mouth is when ready to leave the bird house? (The ones I have in mind are Tree Swallows, who were born and raised in one of our bird houses.) It seemed to me that their mouths being large that way would be of an advantage in getting their insect food in the air as they do. We children love this verse about the Swallows:

"Thou art a nursling of the air,
No earthly food makes up thy fare
But soaring things, both frail and rare,
Fit diet of a fairy."—Burroughs.

April 8th—While feeding the Chickens just before I started to school this morning, three Rabbits came, one after another, from the Vine Maple thicket and ate of the food I scattered for the Chickens. One of them, the least one of all, seemed to like best of all the little bits of apple peelings.

"The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills,
With which she makes all her trebles and trills;
She can mimic a robin or sing like a wren,
And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen;
And sometimes you dream that her song is a word,
Then quickly again—she's a pussy-cat bird."

"The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun,
But she's chirk as a squirrel and chock-full of fun,
She lives in a house upon Evergreen Lane,—
A snug little house, although modest and plain;
And never a puss that was happier purred
Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird."

The first time we heard one we thought a poor kitty was calling for someone, and we hurried along. So we found the Cat-bird, that fairy so named because of his call-note. He's a funny bird, he's a dainty bird, he's a graceful bird; but sometimes he looks as though he had lost every friend in the world, as he sits with drooping wings and tail. We children wish very much that he had been named for his song rather than his call notes. His song is just wonderful. Sometimes around two and three o'clock on Spring mornings Mother hears a stir in our room and comes in to find we children sitting in our night-gowns on the window-sills listening to the Cat-bird's morning song—very early morning song.

ALONG THE ROAD

Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
Blue-coated,—flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year.—Emerson.

April — Along the way we watched them to-day—God's little messengers of love and happiness—Bluebirds, cousins of Robin and Hermit Thrush. In our Fairyband each child chooses its name from some beloved fairy in the out-of-doors. More choose "Bluebird" than any other. Soon we shall be having, as we have had in other years, wonderful times assisting Mother and Father Bluebirds in feeding their babies.

April 10th—The minister made a mistake in his sermon the other day. He told of the worms climbing by means of their many legs upwards on beautiful plants. Now we children all know that worms have no legs. I think what he meant to say was caterpillars; and I'm really sure that's what he intended, for he spoke of God changing them into beautiful Butterflies. Now, God, Himself, knows that he doesn't make Butterflies out of worms. He makes them out of caterpillars—soft, velvety ones, and fuzzy ones.

April 15th—Saw sixteen Monarch Butterflies today. It is good to see them about again.

April 17th—Among the rocks between the road and the river dwell the Columbines, cousins of Buttercup and Wind Flower. To the bright red blossoms of these Columbines come Hummingbirds—and each year we children sit quietly near and watch these and other fairies come and go.

**"The graceful columbine, all blushing red,
Bends to the earth her crown
Of honey laden bells."**

April 23rd—Every day we see them somewhere—those English Sparrows—and 'tis no welcome in our hearts we have for them, for in the winter they come unto the Birds' Christmas Trees and feeding tables, taking food that was meant for others and fighting others away. In the Spring they try to keep our gentle Swallows and Bluebirds from the houses we have builded for them, and they never are in harmony with the singing fairies hereabout.

**"So dainty in plumage and hue, a study in gray and brown;
How little, how little we know the pest he would prove to the town.
From dawn until daylight grows dim, perpetual chatter and scold.
No winter migration for him—not even afraid of the cold!
Scarce a song bird he fails to molest, belligerent, meddlesome thing;
Wherever he goes as a guest, he is sure to remain as a king."—Forsyth.**

ALONG THE ROAD

"May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's."—Richard Le Gallienne.

May 6th—"I will make me a garden by the side of the road where the Children of Men pass by." So I made me a garden by the side of the road, and the Children of Men passing by come into the garden to learn—to learn of the Fairyland 'round about us. Today it rained and afterwards we watched the Earthworms—they who are among the most wonderful fairies on earth, for great is the service they render to us as millions of them are daily plowing the earth. Mother Nature's little farmers are they, and their work has been going on for ages. Yesterday and the day before that we located fifty-seven burrows of Earthworms in the garden. They are also called Angle-worms, being much used as fish bait; but we children prefer to leave them to plow the garden. Have you found their eggs under rocks on damp soil? And have you not met them crawling about on sidewalks after a rain?

May 9th—We found Butterfly eggs today—eggs of Velvet Cloak. They were on willow twigs near the ends, in rows around the twig, and looked like tiny jewels.

O, the little Red Maids by the roadside are opening their satiny petals in the sun. We children like them just for the joy of seeing them and when flowering days are over we gather the seeds for David and Jonathan, two pet Doves, who are very fond of these *Portulaca* seeds. Red Maids also have another name—*Calandrina*—and cattle like their leaves to eat and also some people use them for salad.

May 11th—I watched a Monarch Butterfly laying her eggs on the Milkweed today. She laid them one at a time on the under side of the leaves. Do you know why she lays them on the Milkweed? Long time ago I wondered about it, and took some of the leaves home to find out—keeping them fresh until the green eggs hatched five days later. The little caterpillars were certainly hungry, for the first thing they ate were the eggshells out of which they had come. Then they began to eat the Milkweed leaves; and then I understood why their mother had placed those eggs upon the Milkweed leaves. Each year since then I have raised Monarch Butterflies. And we children plant for them Milkweeds in the garden.

ALONG THE ROAD

"Every tongue of Nature sings;
The air is palpitant with wings."—Thompson.

There is music in the stream, in the patter of the rain; and the wind plays upon the harpstrings of the trees. And our little brothers of the air tell in song the whole day long of His great love everywhere. And other musicians, too, the Frogs, Crickets, Toads, Beetles, and Katy-dids, take their part in earth's chorus.

We have had such a wonderful exploration trip today—just a-seeking for different members of the Plant Kingdom. You see, there are many different ones—Trees, and Flowers. Among the Flowering Plants are Grasses and Cat-tails, though some grown-ups do not realize that Grasses have flowers. And then there are those many flowerless plants—Ferns, Mosses, Liverworts, Lichens, Algae and Fungi.

May 17th—Found baby caterpillars of the Velvet-Cloak Butterfly feeding on willow leaves.

I thought I heard a Gnatcatcher—Is that a Blue Jay?—Why, a squirrel is calling near. No—it is the Mockingbird, he who is the cousin of Wrens and Thrashers, he who sings through the day his own song and also the songs of others, he who also sings in the night time. How we children joy to hear his song night or day. We love this verse about him:

"Soft and low the song began: I scarcely caught it as it ran
Through the melancholy trill of the plaintive whip-poor-will,
Through the ringdove's gentle wail, chattering jay and whistling quail
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry, redbird's whistle, robin's sigh;
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark; each his native note might mark.
Oft he tried the lesson o'er, each time louder than before;
Burst at length the finished song, loud and clear it poured along."

There's a nest in the Monkey tree that grows to the west of the house. Of thorny sticks it was made and a soft lining of cotton it has. In it were four bluish eggs spotted with reddish brown—and out of these eggs came four little birds. These four little birds, they like earthworms, berries and insects. Their scientific name is *Mimus polyglottos leucopterus*. We learned this verse about the song their father sang before their coming. (He doesn't have so much time to sing just now.)

"An arrow, feathery, alive, he darts and sings,—
Then with a sudden skimming dive of striped wings
He finds a pine and, debonnair, makes with his mate
All birds that ever rested there articulate;
The whisper of a multitude of happy wings
Is 'round him, a returning brood, each time he sings.
Though heaven be not for them or him, yet he is wise,
And daily tiptoes on the rim of Paradise."



BRUCE HORSFALL
1909





Fringed Gentian

F. R. E. D.



Thistle



Lilies







A DAY—ITS JOY AND TRAGEDY

This has been a tragical day. Yesterday I discovered Heron Town in treetops seven miles away (which isn't very far when 'tis something you are very much interested in). I hurried home to tell the others about this wonderful town in the treetops (why those skyscrapers Glen Hankins was telling about could not be much ahead of Heron Town), but when I reached home no one was interested in Herons. There was company, and furthermore "little girls should be seen and not heard." The only time anyone seemed interested was at bedtime, when mother and father forbid me to try climbing to Heron Town. (It's awful to have an exploring, climbing spirit and to have it suppressed.) I think the tragedy really began last night with their forbidding my climbing to Heron Town. Why, all the way home I had been thinking of finding out about Heron home life and of assisting mother and father Herons in feeding the babies. And how in the world was one to feed baby Herons unless one climbed up to their cradles? I thought about so many things to be found out about the way a Heron lives, and kept thinking, and I dreamed last night that I was in Heron Town. And this morning I got up before anyone else in the house was up and went to the pantry and to the garden, and took my breakfast along with me. Also I took along Belshazzer (one of my pet frogs), Shep (the dog), Solomon Rheoboam (the pet skunk), and Plato (the pet turtle). Thus we started for Heron Town—Plato and Belshazzer in my apron pockets, being as they could not travel at the pace Solomon Rheoboam, Shep and I travel.

When I arrived at the trees in whose tops Heron Town was located I once more shared what remained of my breakfast with my companions, and leaving all but Belshazzer at the foot of the tree, I started upwards. It was considerable more than a hundred feet above the ground and a very hard climb, so that before I reached the village I had fully decided that if I was going to assist in feeding baby Herons I would need larger pockets to carry food in. When I was almost at the first big nest (there were heaps of others), I took Belshazzer out of my pocket and set him on the nearest limb until I could get balanced and settled down for observation; but right then and there a Heron gobbled him up, and it surprised me so that I lost a part of my balance and started earthward—and on my way I decided right then and there that if baby Herons were to be fed upon such a diet I would withdraw my offer of assistance made on the previous day. I didn't get quite to earth, because I lodged on a limb on the way down. Then I began the climb all over again and had the most wonderful day at Heron Town. The homes were just platforms of sticks—Heron's are not neat housekeepers, and the babies are gawky and squawky; but it was a wonderful feeling one had being up among them. I'm not sure whether baby Herons like being cuddled or not. I tried to cuddle two, one in each arm, but they squawked so much I

AND OTHER DAYS

almost lost my balance again. Some nests had eggs in them—three and four bluish green ones. And some were queer-looking things who had not been long out of the eggs. There were so many things happening in Heron Town—folks coming and going all the time—every minute was so exciting. I'd like to have stayed there all night; but toward evening I began to get so hungry—it seemed years since I had had anything to eat. (I'd only kept a weenty bit of my breakfast and had given the most of it to the other folks about me.)

I arrived home just at supper time, and was reminded that it was a school day—a fact which I had forgotten all about. Also I was reminded that my apron was torn in four places—a fact I had not noticed. That I had been to Heron Town was made known by my torn apron before I had time to open my mouth and tell them about the wonderfulness of being up there with the baby Herons so far above the world.

May 22nd—I'm having little bits of troubles at school every day—just because the school curriculum and my nature study do not fit in together. And sometimes what seems like a big trouble in the end brings me a friend. Today the trouble was mostly about caterpillars. I hunted them on the way to school and found seventeen; but I arrived at school nine minutes after the tardy bell rang. That wasn't the worst of it, though, because in the afternoon some way they escaped from my desk. I sit in a seat partnership with Mable, who neither likes caterpillars nor our teacher—and she told me confidentially that it was not especially because she did not like the caterpillars that she shoved them out of the desk; but mostly because she hoped it would make the creepers go up teacher's spine—but teacher was a hero and helped me to find every one of those truant caterpillars after school let out. (Of course she didn't pick them up—I did the picking up.) Teacher admitted that she was afraid of caterpillars, because they were such dreadfully creepy things. Then I told her how velvety they were and how wonderful they were—and all about my caterpillar farm. When I finished telling her about them I held out the big green velvety one that was going to be a Luna Moth and let her feel how velvety it was. Afterwards she went part way home with me and helped me to gather walnut leaves for the velvety green one that was going to be a Luna Moth, oak leaves for three who were going to be White Admiral Butterflies, and Monkey Flower leaves for seven who were going to be Checker-spot Butterflies.

May 24th—Along the way to school to-day I saw Bluebirds, Robins, Blackbirds, Song Sparrows, Towhees, Monarch Butterflies, Chipping Sparrows, Swallowtail Butterflies, three Chipmunks, one Gray Squirrel, and three Carabadae Beetles. I was almost late to school.

ALONG THE ROAD

By the side of the road where the Children of Men pass by there is my Hummingbird garden. That these fairies may come again and again I've planted there for them the flowers that they love—Trumpet Flower, Cardinal Flower, Oswego Tea, Columbine, Honeysuckle, Painted Cup, Nasturtiums, and Gladiolas. 'Tis now the second year of this flower garden; and many times

With dizzy wings and dainty craft,
In green and gold, the humming-bird
Dashed here and there, and touched and quaffed
The honey-dew, then flashed and whirred
And vanished like a feathered shaft
That glitters from a random bow.
Minutest of the feathered kind,
Possessing every charm combin'd.
Nature, in forming thee, design'd
That thou should'st be
A proof within how little space
She can confine such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.
Thy burnished colors to bestow
Her pencil in the heavenly bow
She dipp'd and made thy plumes to glow
With every hue.

May 29th—Today and yesterday along the way we found upon Sicky Monkey Flower plants little bristly black caterpillars with big appetites—little caterpillars who had but recently come out of tiny eggs that were pale yellowish when first they were laid by Mother Checker-spot Butterfly upon the Monkey Flower plant. It was only last year that we raised from the eggs one hundred and one butterflies like Checker-spot, whose other name is *Melitaea Chalcedon*.

May 30th—Saw six little Pig fairies by the road today. Of course Pig fairies are interesting. What does a Pig use his nose for beside to smell with? What do you think a Pig wallows in the mud for? How does he take his bath? Have you fed acorns to Pigs? Do you know the different kinds of Pigs when you see them—Yorkshire, Cheshire, Poland-China, Duroc-Jersey, and Berkshire? Have you had a pet Pig? I once had a little Poland-China pet who was very fond of going on nature walks along the road, and stopping at the oak grove. She sometimes went to school with me, which displeased the teacher, but pleased all the pupils. We learned this rhyme about Pigs (of course all grown-up Pigs are not lumps of iniquity).

“The nice little pig with its curly tail,
As soft as satin and pinky pale,
Is a very different thing by far
From the lumps of iniquity big pigs are.”

ALONG THE ROAD

"Little Diogenes, bearing your tub, whitheraway so gay,
With your eyes on stalks and a foot that walks, tell me this, I pray:
Is it an honest snail you seek that makes you go so slow;
And over the edges of all things peek, have you found him, I want to know
Or do you go slow because you know your house is neat and tight?
And there is no hurry and surely no worry lest you stay out late at night?",

May 28th—Really Snail fairies are very interesting—of course they can not hurry rapidly about. (But could we if we had, like the Snail, only one foot?) And his horns—they are no horns at all. Truly his eyes are on the end of these two stalks. I wonder how it would feel if you and I had our eyes on stalks. And really though he has but one foot—that foot is a wonder. And the palace he carries about with him—now isn't Snail as wonderful a fairy as the magicians of fairy stories—for Snail takes his house right along with him. When danger threatens he withdraws himself into his palace. Have you raised Snails from babyhood? I find their eggs in masses under old decaying leaves. Snail eggs are as big as the small peas that grow in Grandma's garden. And these eggs, in which were the Baby Snails to be, were almost transparent when I found them. When Baby Snails first hatched each had a tiny shell—and as baby grew the shell grew too. So I beheld the growing of a palace, spire by spire. "Snail Nursery" was in a large box, with soil and moss and leaves (dampened ones) in the bottom. For breakfast, dinner, and supper my Baby Snails, who were to be grown up Snails some day, were served vegetables and fruits. This year we have twenty-seven Snail Babies. (Did you know that Mother and Father Snail are one and the same fairy dwelling in one Snail shell?) But about our Baby Snails—we brought out the Bible and the Ancient History and after much discussion selected their names. The responsibility of selecting names is enormous and growing from year to year—as the number of Butterfly, Moth, Beetle, Toad, Frog, Snake, and other fairies raised from the eggs increases and friendships made with Birds, Squirrels, and Skunks grow. Then there are the scientific names—it is so interesting to know them. Scientifically those twenty-seven Baby Snails are *Epiphragmophora fidelis*.

May 29th—We met a number of Wild Radish fairies today. Their ancestors dwelt in the gardens here about and these, their children, have traveled beyond the gardens. Did you know that Radish is a cousin to Mustard, Spring Beauty, Rock Cress and Lace Pod?

May 30th—The Wren, the little darling House Wren, has chosen one of our bird-houses for her home—and we are just as happy as can be. First we watched her bringing tiny twigs—then soft feathers. That was several days ago. Now there are five dear little eggs in the nest. We can hardly wait until they hatch, for it's so much fun helping with a Wren nursery.



AMERICAN CROW.

1/3 Lifesize.



ROMEO AND THE CATERPILLARS

WAYSIDE FAIRIES

Come here! come here! Summer is on the way!
The Oriole is calling in the blossom-time of May.

We saw to-day along the way seven Snails, three Toads, five Swallowtail Butterflies, and three Blues, five Robins, eighteen Blackbirds, and one Oriole.

“At some glad moment was it nature’s choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?”

We had a happy time, and on our way home we learned this verse about the Oriole. (It is so interesting to learn each day some verse about some fairy—in that way we make them our own.)

“I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cap is black as coal,
O, Oriole, it is the song you sang me from the cottonwood;
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.”—Wm. Dean Howells.

May 31st—Saw Fairy-ring Mushrooms on the way to school. In groups and circles were these fairies, whose scientific name is *Marasmius oreades*.

“And the people said when they saw them there,
The Fairy umbrellas out in the rain:
‘O Spring has come, so sweet and so fair,
For there are those odd little toadstools again.’”

I found Romeo, a little street waif, one day in the factory district—together we found the caterpillars—soft, velvety ones. And Romeo was not long in making the discovery that there was more jolly fun in raising caterpillars than playing in the street. Soon several of his chums made the same discovery and down slum way on a corner—a wee, tiny corner—was this sign: “This way to the Caterpillar Farm,” and the way led into Romeo’s back yard.

At the caterpillar farm were caterpillars who were going to be—that is, when they were grown up—Swallowtails, beautiful yellow and black ones, and Blues, and Silvers.

There were eggs and butterflies laying eggs, too. There were cradles in which were the Monarch Butterflies to be.

Best of all at Caterpillar farm were the happy hearts.

“New courage, nobler vision, will survive
That I have known my kinship to the flower,
My brotherhood with rain, and in this vale
Have been a moment’s friend to all alive.”—Holley.

ALONG THE ROAD

Day by day along the road we learn the bigger things of life, we gain a larger vision and find new inspiration in companionship with—

“God of the open air.”

“The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.”

“The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where the drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.”

Among the willows I saw him—saw that darling fairy warbler—he whose throat is yellow, he who wears a black mask, he who is the cousin of many Wood Warblers. Among the weed stalks I have found their cradle made of many grasses. Western Yellowthroat is his name—*Geothlypis trichas occidentalis*, his scientific name. We children love this verse about the song of the Yellow-throat fairies. (His cousin in the east is called Maryland Yellowthroat.)

“There’s magic in the small bird’s note—
See—there he flits—the Yellow-throat;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
Witchery—witchery—witchery.”

Learning things is so interesting—sometimes, which is very often, it is hard—and we have many things to overcome in learning things. But I am always happy just to a-learning day by day, for God’s world is filled with wisdom all ’round about us. Other fairy folk are learning too. Early this morning I quietly watched a wee Birdie a-learning to sing.

“The little bird sits in the nest and sings
A shy, soft song to the morning light;
And it flutters a little and primes its wings.
The song is halting, and poor, and brief,
And the fluttering wings scarce stir a leaf,
But the note is prelude to sweeter things
And the busy bill and the flutter slight,
Are proving the wings for a bolder flight!”—Paul Dunbar.

ALONG THE ROAD

"The breeze warbles and the mute, still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument."

June—St. John's Wort is blooming, he who dwells in Europe and Asia as well as our own America, he to whom many virtues are ascribed—and whose blossoms for many generations have been hung by European peasants in their windows to keep away evil, and lightning, and witches. Too, upon June 24th, St. John's day, they gathered this plant and used it as a balm for many ills. It came to our land from across the sea. 'Tis a bit of sunshine by the wayside.

What does a Toad like to eat? The best way to find out is to watch. And if one has a great many things to do and has not much time to go afield one can bring Toad eggs from the pond and raise one's own Toads in one's own garden. This is what I have been doing—and so as I went about in my garden, hoeing and weeding, I have learned that Toads eat—Snails, Slugs, Cutworms, Earthworms, Sowbugs, Caterpillars, Beetles, and Flies. Sir Toad, like all Toads, has a wonderful tongue. Watch him catch a fly.

It seemeth to me that Flicker hath a goodly number of names—Red-hammer, High-hole, Woodpecker, and *Colaptes cafer collaris*. Flicker is not particular about a mansion for a home—his youngsters are cradled in an old snag near the road. Fortunately for me another old snag tumbled against this snag, and I was able to climb upon the fallen snag to a stub of a limb upon the tree in which the Flickers dwell. Not many days ago there were eight white eggs in that old snag—and now—well those wee bits of humanity consume unmeasurable amounts of Ants, Grasshoppers, and berries. Why I have been late twice this week at school just because one pocketfull of food called for another. They have yaruping concerts—all joining in from the youngest to the oldest. The other day I gathered wild strawberries for Grandma. On my way home I stopped at Flicker Apartments, and fearing that something might happen to the bucket of berries, if left below, I crawled up the snag with the bucket on my arm. I gave Least Flicker a strawberry. He was pleased and shouted "Yar-up!" Then all his brothers and sisters did the same. Soon my berries were almost gone. They like strawberries like I like potatoes. Flickers are such friendly fairies. As soon as they discovered the source of supply they scrambled over my apron sleeves to the bucket. Then I scooted down the tree and picked some more berries for Grandma.

June 9th—Today I found the first eggs of *Vanessa huntera*, the Hunter's Butterfly. There were five yellowish-green eggs on top of five different leaves of Everlasting plant. Last year the first eggs I found on June 1st, and the tiny caterpillars from these grew rapidly and soon changed to the chrysalis stage—then on July 14th into grownup Hunter's Butterflies.

WAYSIDE FAIRIES

**"The flower thine eye beholdest today
Hath in God's spirit bloomed eternally."—Angelus Silossius, 1650.**

June 7th—By wayside and on hillside near is blooming now "Farewell to Spring." Godetia of the Evening Primrose family—Godetia, cousin of Willow Herb, Taraxia and Clarkia, with four satiny pink petals

June 12th—'Tis the time of Bouncing Bet and she blooms along the way. Cousin of Campion, Cockle and Chickweed is she. To her blossoms at evening come the Sphinx Moth fairies. It was some years ago that her ancestors dwelt in Grandmother's garden; but their children became restless and went over the garden wall. Now we meet their descendants by the wayside. Watch the little Bee fairies that come unto this fairy for pollen.

June 15th—When Grandma went out to look at her sassafras today she found a twig chiffoned over so she called me—they all do when they find pieces of chiffon tied over the twigs. I put that particular piece of chiffon around that particular twig that I might better observe the ways of three pale green little fairies who looked as if Jack Frost had been stroking his fingers over their backs. Grandma was not pleased because they put their beaks into the twig and pumped the sap. The one that pumped the hardest I named Ormenis Pumper, the Great—and the next one, Ormenis Pumper, the Lesser—and the least one of all, Ormenis, the Little Silver Hopper. You see "Ormenis" is their scientific name. (Grandfather says they have also another name, "Frosted Lightning Hopper"). They are relatives of the Lantern flies.

June 23rd—Velvet Plant, traveler from another land, is blooming by the roadside now; and to the flowers come Bees, and also flies. We like its yellow blossoms; but best of all we like its velvety leaves and we think that this coat of felt upon its leaves helps to protect them from the cold in winter (Have you found its velvety rosettes in January?) and the heat in summer. Long ago the Greeks and Romans made lampwicks of the Mullein's dried leaves. In Europe and Asia "Velvet Plant" dwells today as well as in our own America. This Mullein, called "Great Mullein," is a cousin of Moth Mullein, Monkey Flower, Foxglove and Indian Paint Brush—all these being members of Figwort family.

June 16th—Saw him by the road this afternoon—heard him first—"Towhee, Towhee." He was in the thicket and then he was scratching among the leaves. Saw him eat two beetles and three grasshoppers. This Towhee fairy is a cousin of Goldfinch, Song Sparrow, Grosbeak, Junco and Indigo Bunting.



ROBIN,
(*Merula migratoria*),
Livesey.

ALONG THE ROAD

June 9th—June time is Rose time. Wild Roses and Sweetbrier are blooming along the way. We children love to stop and watch them and leave them blooming there. Flower-friends are such lovely fairies, and do you know the most joy comes from leaving them blooming where we find them? Sometimes it is well to gather a few to carry to those who cannot come out unto the flowers—but best of all is the abiding joy that comes from loving them and leaving them in blossom where we find them. Have you learned a part of what the poets have written about Rose fairies? Did you know that Strawberry, Bridal Wreath, Cherry and Meadowsweet are all cousins of the Rose?

June 15th—Ladybird Beetles—just the name has so much in it. And the grown-ups, they said just the word “Ladybird” takes them back again to when they were little boys and girls and sang “Ladybird, fly away home.” And do you know one of the best things has happened—we have a Ladybird nursery with Ladybirds in all stages of growth; the little yellow eggs, the queer velvety, warty and spotted larvae who came out of like eggs, the cradles, and grown-up Ladybirds—and the wonderful thing about it all is that no one has scolded us, not even a tiny bit. You see last year, when the plant lice were in armies upon two of Grandpa’s favorite apple trees, we took from our nursery many larvae that were to be Ladybirds when they grew up, and placed them among the plant lice on the apple trees. Now, if there is one thing a baby Ladybird or a grown-up Ladybird likes it is plant-lice. Those Ladybirds-to-be had a great feast on each apple tree; and we children won the day. All opposition to our Ladybird nursery was withdrawn—so in this our second year we have a flourishing nursery. Why don’t you have a Ladybird nursery? Have you looked for their eggs and larvae on cherry, apple, or other trees and plants infested with plant-lice?

To-day we have found nine Robin’s nests: seven in Fir trees, one in the Apple tree, and one in the Cherry tree. We said this verse softly to Mother Robin in Cherry tree. We helped to feed her babies last month, and she knows us.

“We have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three;
But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built it—I shan’t tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.
But if the tree and the robin don’t peep,
I’ll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.”

ALONG THE ROAD

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine."—Emerson.

June 2nd—A wonderful jewel we saw today—the plump chrysalis of a Monarch Butterfly. Emerald green with a few gold dots—there it hung like an ear-drop on the old rail fence.

"The old rail fence, with aimless angles
Curved round the scented fields of old;
And wild blown vines in quaintest tangles
Bloomed there in purple and in gold."

June 3rd—O the wonders of this Fairyland—we find them everyday in the field and along the way. To-day—early in the morning—we were about looking at the work of the Fairy Builders—they who make of silk suspension bridges and wonderful webs. There were jewel dew-drops on the webs of the Spider fairies. Have you watched them make their webs?

"Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
And looping gossamer festoons between."—Elizabeth Akers.

Saw to-day some queer little flowerless fairies, which looked like tiny-bird's nest containing eggs. They are called bird's-nest fungi—and what looks like a tiny nest is really the cradle of the Baby Spores, who will be when they grow up, Nidulariales.

Oh! the bonny, bonny dell, whaur the primroses won
Lookin' oot o' their leaves like wee sons o' the sun
Whaur the wild roses shine like flickers o' flame,
And fa' at the touch wi' a dainty shame;
Whaur the bee swings ower the white, clovery sod,
And the butterfly flits like a stray thocht o' God."—MacDonald.

June 9th—This evening we watched the Primroses blossom along the road—they who are cousins of Star-flower and Cyclamen. Last winter we found along the way the rosettes of their leaves. As we lingered near them tonight Sphinx-moths came unto the blossoms. It was only last year that upon a Primrose plant growing in a garden there lived and grew three caterpillars who became dainty *Alaria florida* moths—they who are pollen-carriers of evening Primrose fairies.

Children came
To watch the primrose blow. Silent they stood,
Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around
And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood
And blossom—with a silken burst of sound."—Margaret Deland.



MOURNING DOVE.
(*Zenaidura macroura*),
3 1/4 life-size.

ALONG THE ROAD

"Thou art only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love."—Lanier.

Along the road today we found the home of Mourning Dove, and it was in a tree on a branch twelve feet up from the ground. In it were two eggs—two white ones. The nest itself was not in keeping with Dear Mother Dove, for it was only a frail platform of twigs. And along the way we heard Dove notes. We have learned that these Dove fairies like to eat millepedes and other insects, snails, weed seeds and acorns. Sometimes in the barnyard we give them grain, which pleases them, and they come again. Their scientific name is *Zenaidura macroura*.

"So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere,
So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now there."

There is music all the day—I hear it wherever I go—in the fields, in the woods, along the stream, by wayside—and the other day on a street in the heart of the city I heard a Cricket.

To-day I found seven caterpillars of the Silver Spot Butterflies hidden under the rail fence. I have never found them feeding during the daytime, but the other evening in the moonlight I found three feeding on violet leaves. Two years ago, when I raised fifty-three Silver Spot Butterflies, the caterpillars ate not at all in the daytime, but when I got up in the night to see what they were doing I would find them eating. Their menu consisted entirely of violet leaves.

—O, those Stinkhorn Mushroom fairies—what have they such an awful smell for? We children wanted to know, so we watched a little distant and saw many Flies come unto them, seemingly drawn by this odor. Now isn't it likely that these flies will carry away Baby Spores on their feet, and the said Baby Stinkhorns will grow in some other place? Watch for the Flies about Stinkhorns.

June 16th—All along the way Filaree fairies are blooming—pink blossoms now; but soon seed time will come and then we see clearly the reason for its name "Alfilerilla," which is Spanish from *Alfiler*, meaning needle. Storkbill, Clocks and Scissors are its other names. Why? Filaree belongs to the Geranium family.

June 24th—Along the old rail fence, on the under side of the rails, we found today six chrysalids (in color like unto the fence). And last year from cradles like unto these came Velvet-Cloak Butterflies.

"And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold those tender wings expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."—Longfellow.

ALONG THE ROAD

“Above the tumult of the canyon lifted,
The gray hawk breathless hung,
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted,
Where furze and thorn-bush clung.”—Bret Harte.

June 24th—I've been watching Hawks today. They are wonderful sailors—my! how we children wish that we could sail through the air as they do; but then there are so many wonderful things down on earth to learn about that life will always be full of wonderful hours. Knowing who is who and which is which in Fairyland is much more interesting than just knowing that is a tree, this a fern, that is a bird. Speaking of Hawks—there are the Red-Tail Hawk, Sparrow Hawk, and Swainson Hawk; all respectable Hawks and a blessing to the farmer in helping to keep rodents in check. Yet these same Hawks suffer more or less, usually more, for the misdeeds of Sharp-shinned Hawk, Goshawk, and Cooper Hawk—they who kill the wild birds and poultry. We children are busy campaigning now, helping the farmers hereabout to learn to distinguish between their Hawk friends and Hawk foes. Thus it is written in the book of Nature, “Know thy friends, Red-tail Hawk, Swainson Hawk, and Sparrow Hawk, for great is their service unto thee on thy farm”.

June 20th—“Raspberry Apartment House”, that's the label I tied on to a broken twig of one of Grandpa's raspberry vines. Now he wants to know the reason why. Why—Mother Carpenter Bee started making the inside of that twig into an apartment house in May. I watched her coming and going. I know how it is inside because it is years since I found the first one. (I was six then—and now I am nine.) Inside the twig in separate little apartments made by herself are little Bee folks to be. She tunnels out the twig and at the bottom places pollen and bee-bread—and of course it is for the Baby-bee to be. After she has placed the egg in the first apartment she roofs it over with pith chips glued together—(You see she first took the pith out in making the tunnel). Then the roof of the first apartment serves as the floor for the second apartment and there again pollen and bee bread and the egg are placed; and so on up to the top of the apartment house—but near the door dear little Mother Carpenter Bee reserves a bit of room for herself. Within each apartment is going on the wonderful change from egg-hood to grown-up bee-hood. And it is rather funny about their getting out—the Oldest Brother or Sister Bee born in the bottom apartment can't get out of the apartment house until youngest Little Brother or Sister at the top grows up. Meanwhile, being grown-up and eager to be out he just tears down the roof over his head and kicks the tiny fragments behind him—so on does each brother as he grows up. Then when Last Brother is grown-up they all fly out—darling little fairies with rainbow wings. Isn't this a Wonderful Fairyland?

IN THE EARLY MORNING I WATCHED THE BIRDS COME DOWN TO BATHE





WESTERN RED-TAILED HAWK.
(*Buteo borealis calurus*).

2 1/2 life-size

ALONG THE ROAD

July 7th—This world is made up of big fairies, little fairies, littler fairies, and least ones. Some of the littler ones are Leaf-miners. We have been out inspecting their work to-day. They are the very little elves who cause many of those little meandering lines and blister spots upon the beautiful leaves of plants and trees. These elves are larvae that are to be, when they grow up, tiny Moths or Beetles or Flies. (Nearly all those we have brought in have changed into tiny Moths.) Today we found little mines on the leaves of Pine, Nasturtium, Spinach, Columbine, Oak, Burdock, and Apple in a few minutes search.

July 8th—In the thicket and along the fence dwell Nightshade fairies. They whose other names are Bittersweet, Snakeberry, and Solanum; they who are cousins of Tomato, Potato, and Egg-plant. Nightshade has such beautiful berries, but Grandpa says that I must not eat them and of course he knows best.

July 10th—Watched a Mother Scorpion hurrying about to-day with two little Scorpion babies clinging to her by their pinchers. She hid among the roots of an old stump.

Wood Betony is blooming now—she whose other names are Beefsteak Plant and High Heal-All, she who belongs to Figwort family and is therefore a cousin of Mullein, Butter-and-Eggs, Monkey-flower, and Foxgloves. Sometimes she dwells in the thickets and sometimes in open woods. We saw Bumble-bees come unto her blossoms. Have you heard of Betony, who dwells in Europe and is well known in folk-lore?

July—We children sat down by the road to-day and watched the Ants for two whole hours; and we forgot all about the time; they were so interesting. We saw them come out of their homes and go here and yonder. They were constantly going after and bringing in food. One Ant came along backward pulling along an insect larger than she was. Then one nest of Ants we saw frightened and they scurried away in all directions carrying pupae—which looked like grains of wheat. In one home we saw Ant eggs, which are about the size of a pinpoint and oblong. Have you watched the Ants milking plant-lice? To-day we observed them as they crawled up plant-stems and milked their cows, the plant-lice, by gently patting and stroking them with their antennae. Every moment watching Ants is full of interest. They are such busy folks.

“My child, behold the cheerful ant,
How hard she works, each day
She works as hard as adamant;
Which is very hard, they say.”

ALONG THE ROAD

“Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea;
A host in the sunshine, an army in June—
The people God sends to set our hearts free.
The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood,
And all their dancing was ‘Earth it is well,’
And all their saying was ‘Life thou art good.’”—Bliss Carmen.

We saw him on a thistle—for a moment he stopped at the thistle, then straight to the Cottonwood tree he flew. To the Cottonwood tree we softly hurried too. We peered about, in and out among the branches—then we caught a glimpse of a hanging basket cradle. And keeping still we heard wee tiny voices—voices of Baby Orioles calling for breakfast, dinner, and supper. We waited and watched—and as we waited saw Mother and Father Oriole come with insects and wild berries. All this was the day that was the day before yesterday. To-day we children brought insects and berries to the four wee bits of Oriole humanity who have so recently come out of four grayish white eggs. Softly the cradle of *Icterus bullocki* swings in the wind.

O, who are they who wear the sunshine color—who wear yellow? Now, there are Meadowlark and Dandelion, Summer Warbler and Yellow Primrose, Goldfinch and Sunflower, Orioles and Field Lilies, Yellow Violets and Golden-crowned Kinglets, Yellow Star-grass and Horned Larks, Yellowthroat Warblers and Marsh Marigold, Buttercups and Verdins, Sulphur Butterflies and some Swallowtail Butterflies, too. Then Emperor Moth, Butter and Eggs, and also St. John's Wort. Who else can you think of who wear yellow?

“The paths, the woods, the heavens, the hills,
Are not a world today
But just a place God made for us
In which to play.”

We have been having play school today, now that school is out. I happen to be chosen as teacher—my dear pupils are some of the other children of the lumber camp. We play school one day, sometimes two days a week. Part of the time we sit on the rail fence by the pasture bars and talk things over, or sit on an old log in the woods, and often we have school up in the trees. To-day we talked about the *Fringilidae* family—that is such a big family, you know. Why, all of these fairies belong to that family—Goldfinch, Grosbeak, Purple Finch, Song Sparrow, Towhee, Junco, Vesper Sparrow, Crossbill, Redpoll, Snowflake, Tree Sparrow, Cardinal, Chipping Sparrow, Indigo and Lazuli Bunting.

WAYSIDE FAIRIES

"Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! Glad to see you out!
Bin a month o' Sundays sence I see you hereabout.
Mister Hop-Toad, honest true—Springtime—don't you love it?
You old rusty rascal, you, at the bottom of it!
Swell that fat old throat o' yourn and lemme see you swaller
Straighten up and h'ist your head! You don't owe a dollar!
Hulk, sulk, and blink away, you old bloat-eyed rowdy!
Hain't you got a word to say? Won't you tell me howdy?"—Riley.

July 2nd—Today little James, who came day before yesterday from New York to spend the summer on the ranch, came rushing into the house, the while telling us about and urging us to come and see the hippopotamus he had just discovered, almost half a mile away. That hippopotamus of James' discovery proved to be a toad—and this last hour James and I have been having a grave discussion about toads—and he is going to be friends with all toads—this toad in particular, whom he has named "Hippo." Already he has given him two fat worms and brought him home to dwell in the garden. (He belongs in the garden, anyway, and his other name is Simeon Peter—now he will have two people to give him fat worms. I'm glad James found him, and, being as he is so much interested in naming him "Hippo," I don't think I'd best tell him about his already being named Simeon Peter.)

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—Coleridge.

July 3rd—We watched Kingbird catching grasshoppers this afternoon. He was very busily occupied. We kept very quiet (unless one keeps quiet it is almost impossible to observe the ways of many of our Fairy friends). We saw him take three caterpillars, too. In all the days we have watched him his menu has consisted of insects—and he is the farmer's friend. Did you know that Kingbird is a cousin of Phoebe, Flycatcher, and Wood Pewee? Last year the Kingbirds nested in an old snag by the side of the road. Merry times we children had climbing up that old snag to feed those four baby Kingbirds. They are especially fond of caterpillars and grasshoppers. And their cradle—aside from weed stems, twigs, little roots and plant fibers, also had bits of wool, colored string, and a piece of lace curtain (which hung over the edge).

July 6th—The Painted Lady Butterfly, whose other name is Thistle Butterfly, we often see and each year we raise them; feeding the caterpillars on a diet of nettle and thistle. We children like to think of the children in other lands, who, too, can watch this butterfly, for in Europe, Africa, Australia, South America and many islands of the sea dwell the Thistle Butterflies.

ALONG THE ROAD

"Upon his painted wings the Butterfly
Roamed a gay blossom of the summer sky."—Clark.

The Butterflies I saw along the way to-day were: Swallowtails (two different kinds); Monarchs, whose other names are *Anosia plexippus* and Milkweed Butterfly; Blues, those wee ones who hover about mud puddles, and whose scientific name is *Lycaena*; Anglewings—those dear brownish ones who are called Comma Butterflies, and *Grapta comma*; Checkerspot with lovely velvet black and bits of yellow on top and checkered red and yellow underneath, and who are called *Melitaea*; Sulphurs, *Colias*, hovering over the clover; Silverspots, they whose scientific name is *Argynnis*, they whose caterpillars I've found feeding on violet leaves in night time; Mourning Cloak, *Vanessa antiopa*, who is also called Camberwell Beauty; Painted Lady, she who dwells in many lands and is also called Thistle Butterfly and *Pyrameis cardui*; Wood-nymph of Genus *Satyrus*; and about Oak tree White Admiral of the Genus *Basilarchia*.

"The wandering rivulets dancing through the grass,
The gambols, low or loud, of insect-life,
The cheerful call of cattle in the vales,
Sweet natural sounds of the contented hours."

Then we came unto Lazuli Bunting, whose scientific name is *Cyanospiza amoena*. This exquisite fairy wearing turquoise blue is a cousin of Goldfinch, Junco, Towhee, Song Sparrow, Grosbeak, and Crossbill. In the willows by the stream was the nest of a Lazuli Bunting and in this home were three pale greenish eggs.

"God spreads a carpet soft and green o'er which we pass;
A thick piled mat of jeweled sheen—and that is grass."—Arthur Powell.

"In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
In the beauty of the twilight, in the garden that He loveth,
The sunset winds, they wander through the heather,
The singing winds, they bow the reeds in prayer together,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern."

How sweet is eveningtime along the road — the music of the breeze, the prayer whispers of the Earth-folk—the twilight chorus, and now I hear the Vesper Sparrow sing—

It comes from childhood's land, where summer days are long
And summer eves are bland—a lulling good-night song.
Upon a pasture stone against the fading West
A small bird sings alone, then dives and finds his nest.
The evening star has heard and flutters into sight;
O childhood's vesper bird, my heart calls back "Good-night."—Thomas.



Argynnis Alcestis.
Phycodes Nycteis.
Colias Eurytheme.
Megalostoma Caesonia.

Danais Archippus.

Vanessa Anthopa.
Pieris Protodice.
Deibis Portlandia.
Pyrameis Hünthera.

And for the butterflies, they of field and wayside, we held
a reception - not that we waited to receive them; but
went out to meet
on our fingertips.



them - with sweetened water
and by wayside waited until
our friends did come -
Our friends - monarch,
mourning cloak, sulphur
and blue - and
swallowtail, too.

And among them
were some, who had lately left their cradles in the butterfly room.

"Sunshine set to music
 Hear the Sparrow sing
 In his note - In his trill
 is freshness delicious
 of summer
 the newborn overflows
 spring whiteness
 Splendor of the lilies
 of the sunrise sweetness
 of the brooklet
 crystal of the breeze
 Trickling under trees
 Over moss and pebbles
 Hark you have them all
 prophesied and chanted
 In the Sparrow's
 call."



















CHUMS—ROB. PLINY AND ARISTOTLE
(We Raised Pliny from a Toad Egg—and Aristotle, too)



BETLES.

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(*Chlaenius sericeus*).
(*Alaus gargops*).
Calosoma scrutator.
Lucanus elephas (Male)

(*Libia grandis*).
(*Cicindella repanda*).
(*Pasmachus marginatus*).
Cotalpa lanigera.

Cynastes titus.

(*Cicindella guttata*).
(*Necrophorus orbicollis*).
Cychrus angusticollis.

(*Cicindella lecontei*).

(*Brenthius mantis*).
(*Dicelus purpuratus*).
Calosoma calidum.
Passalus cornutus.

ALONG THE ROAD

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by."—Bryant.

Today I went a-seeking for Beetles, and larvae that were to be Beetles when they grow up. With me went my pet Toad, *Bufo Boreas* (that's his scientific name), and my pet Frog, *Rana Aurora* (that's his scientific name). Sometimes the scientific names o' folks make very suitable everyday names—so I have found. It was Beetles we were seeking for to-day, and these are they whom we met along the way—*Scarabadae*, *Carabadae*, *Cicindelidae*, and *Buprestidae*.

About insects: It is rather puzzling the way grown-ups apply that name to so many Fairy Folk who are not insects. Now, a spider is not an insect—his body is divided into two parts (his head and chest in one and his abdomen forming the other part)—an insect's body consists of three parts (his head, thorax or chest, and abdomen). Also, about the matter of legs: Every insect, when he or she grows up, has three pairs of legs—each pair consisting of two legs—making a total of six legs. Now, we know a spider has more than six legs. And about Millepedes, Centipedes, and Sowbugs—goodness knows anyone with eyes ought to see plainly that these folks o' Fairyland have an abundance of legs—referring particularly to Sir Millepede. They who are insects are these—Bees, Ants, Grasshoppers, Dragon Flies, Butterflies, Moths, Beetles, Wasps—and there are many more. All those belonging in the higher scale of insect life pass through wonderful changes and are transformed. These four stages are egg, larval, pupae, and perfect insect with wings. But not so they who belong in the lower scale—Bugs. The young o' Bugs when they hatch look a bit like Mother and Father Bug.

Speaking of Bugs—all Bugs are insects, but not all insects are Bugs. Some Bugs have wings and some have none; but all Bugs have mouth parts for piercing or sucking. Now, among Bugs are these: Water Bug (*Belostoma*), Squash Bug and Plant Lice.

How we children love the Wild Thyme as it blossoms by the wayside from June to September. Did you know that Thyme was used as an incense in Greek temples? Have you watched the Bees and Butterflies come to its blossoms? It belongs to the Mint family. Who are some of its cousins? We children like this verse:

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."—Shakespeare.

ALONG THE ROAD

July 5th—Sometimes I share my bread and jam with the Yellowjackets who have a home on a bush by the road twenty trees and one distant from the garden. To-day I climbed upon the old rail fence close to their home with a piece and a half of bread and jam—the half piece for them and the piece for myself—But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necessary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces and they had a royal feast right there on the old fence rail. I wanted my bread and jam—but then Yellowjackets are such interesting fairies, being among the world's first paper-makers—and baby Yellowjackets are such chubby youngsters. (Have you seen them in their cells within their paper homes?) Thinking on these things made it a joy to share one's bread and jam with these Wasp fairies.

July 9th—This morning we watched a Velvet Cloak Butterfly come from its chrysalis.

July 12th—As we watched Foxglove fairies by the roadside today we saw Bumble-Bees enter their blossoms upside-down; and truly, in doing so, they looked much like miniature clowns. Upon the Foxglove leaves caterpillars of Peacock Butterflies were feeding. The story of why Foxgloves were so named is that long ago sly foxes used these blossoms on their feet that they might not be heard as they went about. Foxgloves are also called Fairy Thimbles and Digitalis. They are cousins of Monkey Flower, Indian Paint Brush and Mullein.

July 13th—What makes that “snakespit” or “frogspit” on the stems of plants? Do you sometimes wonder who causes it? We did—but do not now. We wanted so much to know that we started in to find out and learned—that he is neither Frog nor Snake. The elf who does that is hidden under the frothy mass. He is a little insect of the family Cercopidae, and his common name is Spittle insect. It was in the fall that we found their eggs upon the stems of plants and weeds. We brought them home and kept them until they hatched in the spring. When again you see “frogspit” on a plant look for the elf under the frothy mass. One day I saw Wasp fairy looking for him.

July 20th—Have been exploring today for some fairy lions—and found seven. Of course there are lions in Fairyland. These I found to-day were Ant Lions. Ant Lions, when they grow up, become beautiful fairies with four wings, and they look somewhat like Dragon flies. But it is before they grow up that they are lions—they dig pits and wait and wait for ants passing to tumble into these pits. While I was watching them this afternoon one ant came scurrying by and tumbled in the pit. Soon the lion had her. I brought home an Ant Lion in a jar of sand, and already he is trying to make a pit. Have you watched them? Their other name is “Doodle-bug.”

ALONG THE ROAD

"The dust of the roadside is vocal;
There is music from every clod;
Bird and breeze are the wild flower's angels,
Their messages bearing to God."

July 17th—Now time is weed time—and we children find weeds very interesting. Today we found many Running Mallows with their small, pale blossoms. At four o'clock we held a reception for all relatives of the Weed Mallow. Those invited were Cousin Swamp Rose Mallow, who dwells on the bank of the stream; Cousin Velvet Leaf, who dwells by the wayside and whose ancestors came over from India; Cousin Hollyhock, from grandmother's garden, and Rose of Sharon. So, truly, our interest in a weed grows as we learn to know its relatives. Little Edna says, "Weed Running Mallow's being a cousin to Rose of Sharon isn't the only reason why we like it. The big reason is the cradles it provides for its baby seeds—those doll cheeses." Watch out for them.

July 21st—Today in the garden I found two garter snakes, including pet frogs in their menu. Then that Aristotle and Pliny, and the three Ptolemies, and thirteen other pet frogs might not perish likewise from the face of the earth, I carefully removed them, handsfull and pocketsfull at a time, to the butterfly room, into which no creeping thing (snakes in particular) could enter. But even as the day began with tragedy, so it ended for seventy-seven of my caterpillars (which I had raised from the eggs, and which were to have been—that is when they were grown-up—Mourning Cloak butterflies, Vanessa Antiopas) were consumed by the above mentioned frogs.

July 23rd—Have you ever noticed how many of the wayside flowers wear the sunshine's color—wear yellow of different shades? We started out to find all who wore yellow and the first one we came to was Butter and Eggs. Now, other names, too, has this fairy—Toad-flax, Eggs-and-Bacon, Flaxweed, Brideweed and *Linaria Vulgaris*; the last being her scientific name. She belongs to the Figwort family. Who are her cousins?

July 30th—"O, O! Where did all these Lace Bugs come from?" That's what Grandma was wanting to know when she stepped out on the porch ten minutes ago. Now she knows—you see this is "Lace Bug Day" and all afternoon we children have been collecting Lace Bugs. And we had just settled down on the end of her porch to have "Lace Bug Convention" and somehow some of the Lace Bugs got out of our pockets. What do Lace Bugs do? was the opening sentence of the convention. "Lace Bugs live on trees, and suck sap if you please." It was Manya who said so, and she knows, because she and I have watched them hours and hours. And at "Lace Bug Convention" we had the pleasure of announcing to the other eight there assembled that the family name of Lace Bug was Tingitidae.

ALONG THE ROAD

“Little weavers of the summer, with sunbeam shuttle bright
And loom unseen by mortals, you are busy day and night,
Weaving fairy threads as filmy and soft as cloud swans, seen
In broad blue sky-land rivers, above earth’s fields of green.’

—Ray Lawrence.

Milkweeds here and there and yonder along the way. Cousins of many another Milkweed are they. Have you found Monarch Butterflies about their leaves. Why? And what do you think of their fairy cradles? Would it not be fun to go ballooning as each Milkweed baby seed does?

I’ve been gathering Nettle. I heard Grandma say to-day, “What use can that child be finding for Nettle?” I’m finding a daily use for Nettle. Am raising Angleming Butterflies, and those caterpillars refuse whatsoever food is placed before them except Nettles, which satisfy to the utmost. Satisfaction to the utmost is not an abiding condition with them just at present, though, and it is necessary that I go often for Nettles.

July 29th—I’ve found several centipedes today around decayed stumps and pieces of old hollow logs. Centipedes haven’t as many legs as millipedes, but what they have are larger. Centipedes belong to the class Chilopoda. Centipedes are neither worms, insects nor bugs, but they are Centipedes. Can’t we call them always by their right name, Centipedes? Three times I’ve started to raise Centipedes, but something always happens to them before they become grown-up, and they disappear. And Uncle, who has much sympathy with my nature study, thinks that I had best wait until I am older to have a Centipede Farm.

When we held a reception for the Mint family these are the flowers the children invited—went out into the fields and waste places to bid them come unto our flower reception: Peppermint, Catnip, Skullcap, Self-Heal, Heart-of-the-Earth, Yerba Buena, Garden Balm, Blue Curls, Oswego Tea, Pennyroyal, Wild Thyme, and Citronella, Dittany, Gill-Over-the-Ground, and Helmet Flowers. Some of these are one and the same, for some have more than one name. And they who were not found growing wild we brought from the garden.

Nell took her five cats for a walk to-day. And she came walking down our lane, and what did those pesky cats do but nibble at my Catnip plants that I’ve just set out in my wild flower garden of Mint Fairies. Grandpa laughed when he saw those Cats nipping at my Catnip, and said: “It appears to me that some Cats like Catnip like some little Girls I know like potatoes.” Then I felt better about sharing my Catnip with Nell’s cats. When one gets ruffled up Grandpa has a way of saying things that smooth one’s feathers all down again.



"IN ALL PLACES THEN AND IN ALL SEASONS
FLOWERS EXPAND THEIR LIGHT AND SOUL-LIKE WINGS"



GOLDEN ROD.
1/8 Life-size.

ALONG THE ROAD

Then "Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies
With subtle shadows flies a change, and a sheen.
—And the colors, they run to the western sun
Through the sheaves of the ripening wheat."

How glad it makes our hearts as we travel the open road to see the fields of wheat along the way—and listen to the music of the wheat. We talked of wheat in our Cathedral service this last Lord's day—and one of our texts was (of course this was only one—we have more, one for each day in the week, to meditate upon.)

"Each thing upward tends, by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends upon the shooting of a seed."

"O the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing.
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing."

This is another text we had in the service last Lord's day, also:

"The child, the seed, the grain of corn, the acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born in season fit, and still—
Each must in strength arise to work the Almighty will."

When we saw Blue Jay and again when we saw Steller's Jay we thought of what Shakespeare had said:

What, is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?—Shakespeare.

It is very interesting—the keeping of diaries for one's friends—the writing in on different days and weeks of their ways—and especially is it interesting where one has known them from babyhood. I have kept diaries for my pet Squirrels, Chipmunks, Skunks, Bats, Turtles, Deer, Porcupine, Raccoon, Toads, Horned Lizards, Wood Mice, and for the many pet Birds. All these diaries are recorded in three other Fairyland books, together with the portraits of the afore-mentioned fairies.

And of the grasshopper musician, he of the fields and waysides, it is written:

"Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the deep and silent earth,
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but the murmuring of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs;
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

ALONG THE ROAD

"When the foxfire burns beside the river,
The crickets sing under tawny leaves,
And grasshopper fiddles solemnly quiver,
While the harvesters gather the sheaves."—Gene Stratton Porter.

August 10th—Glory, glory! Praise God from whom all blessings flow! For five whole months I've been looking for Goldfinch home. In June when Bluebirds were raising their second family, and in July when Robins were making a third home, I sought and found not Goldfinches home. Then I began to pray mornings as well as nights—and if I didn't find the home today. I was going along the hillside among the Vine Maples when ahead of me I saw a dear cradle with a bit of olive brown on it. Mrs. Goldfinch was at home. When I came nearer I saw near by a darling golden fairy wearing a black cap on his head, and black and white upon his wing. While keeping very quiet I heard him softly saying "bay-bee, bay-bee." O, I am so happy. Later—I'm just sure those Goldfinch fairies have learned the "multiplication tables" rapidly for the number of times they want breakfast, dinner, and supper to be served is many times that of ordinary children. (And we have big appetites, too.) One thing they have not learned is "division," for every time anything is brought to the nest each little Goldfinch thinks it is truly his turn—and that it is all for him.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.—Howells.

August 25th—We were watching the California Thrashers this afternoon clearing away the leaves with his long bill. While watching him scratching we heard another in a bush nearby: "Kick it now," "Kick it now," he seemed to be saying. These brown birds with long tails are cousins of Mocking Birds and Wrens.

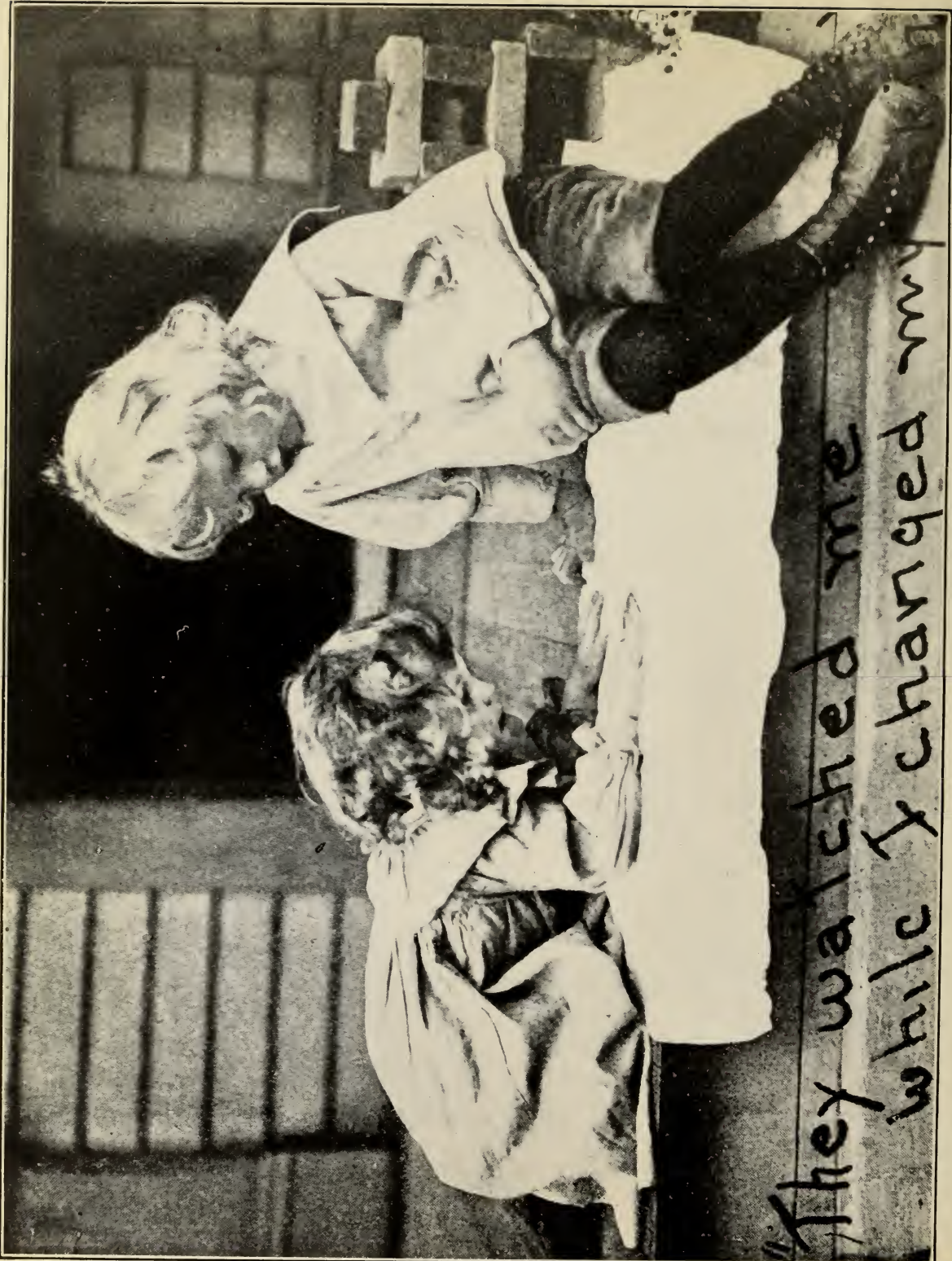
August 27th—On an Everlasting flower by the roadside I found a wonderful fairy cradle, near an inch long, of the pretty scales of the Everlasting flower held together by a little web. And who was the maker of this dainty cradle?—a caterpillar who would be, when he grew up, a Hunter's Butterfly.

"In the summer of the summer, when the hazy air is sweet
With the breath of crimson clover and the days a-shine with heat,
When the sky is blue and burning and the clouds a downy mass
When the breeze is idly dawdling, there is music in the grass—
"Just a thistly, whistly sound,
In the tangles near the ground;
Just a lisp'ing, whisp'ring tune, like a bumblebee's bassoon,
In a far-away fantasia is the music in the grass.



GOLDFINCH.
(*Spinus tristis*).
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Life-size.

WATCHING A SNAKE FAIRY CHANGE HIS SKIN



"They watched me
while I changed my

ALONG THE ROAD

"How deepening bright, like mounting flame, doth burn
The golden-rod upon a thousand hills.
This is the Autumn's flower, and to my soul
A token fresh of beauty and of life,
And life's supreme delight."

August 15th—'Tis the time of Golden-rod, and the way is bordered with plumes of gold bringing joy to the eyes of those who pass by. We children go unto them and watch the insects about them and upon them. We have this motto in our Botany study, "Know the flowers—and know their insect visitors." So every day new things we learn and sweet the joy we find in knowing the every-day things around us.

August 16th—We found thirteen of those slender, sleepy little "Stilt Bugs" in the oak thicket today. Their family name is Berytidae.

August 17th—Someone said the Spiders and Scorpions were distant relatives, so when I was crowded for room in the hospital nursery I placed three Scorpions in with the Spiders; but the Scorpions ate the Spiders up. I'm learning much about the food of certain Wayside folks in the hospital when one eateth up another, and another eateth up another. This world is a bit puzzling at times, I truly think.

August— Willow-Herb whose other name is "Fireweed," and who also blooms in Asia and in Europe we now daily see. Where last year the forest fire burned over the hillside now the Great Willow-herb grows and hides a part of the ruin. It is truly a comforting fairy—this cousin of Primrose and Star-flower. Yesterday we learned this verse about it:

"Strange flower, thy purple making haste
To glorify each blackened waste
Of fire-swept land
Is with a blessed meaning fraught,
And we, when pain hath fully wrought,
Shall understand."

August 20th—David and Jonathan, the two Mourning Doves, accompanied me along the road today. David perched upon my left shoulder, and Jonathan upon the right. Jonathan ate part of an acorn and David ate the rest. Then each did eat a millepede. And as we went on we saw thirty-one other Mourning Doves perched on the telephone wires. As evening came near we came again home.

"There comes a perfume from the sunset land,
And from the sunset vapor comes a voice;
Someone in evening's gateway seems to stand
And o'er a flood of glory shout, 'Rejoice!'"—Thompson.

CROW—A WAYSIDE FAIRY

Note that may be in the nature note book almost any day in the year—Saw crows today.

Did you know that the Crow is a cousin of Magpie, Steller's Jay, Clarke's Nutcracker, and our American Raven?

Did you know that crows also have their place in poetry? We children learned this verse about them:

“When the golden rod, uplifted,
As a wayside benediction,
Cheers the traveler on his journey
Through the sultry hours of August,
Deep within the forest reaches,
In the shadow of the ledges,
Gather crows in friendly concourse.
All their notes are low and drowsy,
Muffled croaks and guttural cawings;
All their motions speak contentment,
Tell of coolness, well-fed comfort.”

ROAD RUNNER

August 20th—“Some folks have names that suit them, and some folks have names which really do not belong to them,” says little James. I'm sure that Road Runner belongs in the first-mentioned class. The second time I saw Road Runner I hoped to have a race with him down the road, but the catching up with him was an impossibility.

“Hermes” is the name we children have given a certain Road Runner with whom we have made friends. It was upon a May Day that we met and became friends. We found the way to this Road Runner's heart (as we found the way to many a nestling's heart) through his stomach. He, with two brothers and a little sister, were in a cradle in a clump of cactus—a cradle made of sticks and lined with grass and feathers. Eagerly we watched to see what Mother and Father Road Runner fed their babies. In between the feedings the youngsters made odd sounds, and little James joined them by clicking together two pieces of wood—the sounds were much alike.

Many days have we watched and a number of things have we learned about Road Runners—“Hermes” in particular. Before he left the nest we learned of his fondness for grasshoppers and caterpillars. One day we gave him a centipede and he liked it. Since leaving the nest he has helped to satisfy that appetite of his with three of our pet horned toads, two pet field mice, and a black cricket, which we had raised. We also have watched him take snails, grasshoppers, caterpillars, beetles, and the other day we saw him with a garter snake. “Hermes” is a cousin of the Cuckoos, being a member of the Cuculidae family. His scientific name is *Geococcyx Californianus*.



ROAD-RUNNER.
(*Geococcyx californianus*).

$\frac{1}{2}$ Life-size.



CHUMS

WAYSIDE FAIRIES

August 11th—We often meet them—those Jamestown Weeds. Did you know that their cousins are Nightshade and Tobacco, Petunia, Tomato and Potato?. Jamestown Weed has other names also—Thorn Apple, Jimson Weed and Devil's Trumpet. Scientists call it *Datura Stramonium*. Not always has Jimson Weed dwelt in our land, for he came from Asia. In evening hours we children have watched Sphinx Moths come unto these flowers.

August 15th—Today Rameses II, our pet horned toad (who really is no toad at all, but who is a genuine lizard) ate for dinner David, our cricket musician, whose development we children have eagerly watched since that day we first found him when he was only a baby cricket with musical possibilities.

August 17th—I found today by the wayside on the blossoms of the ox-eye daisy five fairies, five yellowish-green fairies, each with a blackish band across his abdomen. And while yet I waited near the flowers, I saw these five insects who came to the Ox-eye Daisy, and yet nine others before I went away. And at last, after long searching, I found their name and thought it suited them well—these "Ambush Bugs" of the family Phymatidae.

August 21st—Troubles, troubles, and in our Flower Room, whose synonym is "Heaven on Earth"; but now Salome has ruined its reputation. Salome, the collared lizard, whom Uncle Henry sent to me from California, the other day, was a thing of beauty in the flower room, but, alas, not a joy forever. First she ate little bits of Clover blossoms; then bigger bits of the Crickets; thirdly, all the bits of Hadrian (the pet Swift who is nearly as large as she); fourthly, every bit of Moses (the baby Grass Snake); fifthly, and last of all, all of Aristotle (the pet Horned Toad). And then, as though she thought "Our Flower Room" an ideal place for her children and her children's children, she deposited sixteen eggs therein. The prospect of the possibility of there being seventeen Salomes in our beloved "Heaven on Earth" room was overwhelming; and I was sorely puzzled until Uncle's letter came with its suggestion for "The House of Salome." O, if that letter had only arrived with Salome, as it was meant that it should. Four of the Camp Children are going to help me—together we shall build of bits of board and screen, a goodly sized house, with much sand for its floor.

August 25th—"The House of Salome" is finished and in it we have placed Salome and her sixteen eggs.

P. S.—We've also discovered that Salome's cannibalistic appetite is pleased with grasshoppers. Jimmy says, "Hurrah!" So do I, and all the rest of us. That makes a twenty-seventh excuse for the existence of our "Grasshoppery"—the existence of said "Grasshoppery" being much opposed by the grown-ups.

ALONG THE ROAD

“The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase;
And there they roll on the easy gale.
There’s a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There’s a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There’s a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.”—Bryant.

Finding joy in knowing whole families of flowers? We children often hold receptions for flower families—one family at a time—and bring together from field and wayside all the members of that family—all the cousins, big and little, short and tall, and afterwards we give them all to a little old lady who loves them, and who loves us—and to others, too, who would like to, but who cannot come to our fields and woods—so we carry our fields and woods to them in our flower receptions.

“God spoke! and from the arid scene
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft with green,—
He smiled; and there were flowers.”—Fenollosa.

August 29th—’Tis many and many a wayside fairy that’s cousin to another wayside fairy; and many a wayside fairy is a traveler from another land. The flower reception at which the attendance is greater than at all others is the reception which we hold for the Dandelion family, otherwise known as Compositae family. These are they who were invited unto the reception and many of them came from the wayside: Dandelion, Sunflower, Daisy, Aster, Thistle, Tansy, Black-eyed Susan, Dog-fennel, Burdock, Everlasting, Joe Pye Weed, Boneset, Fleabone, Yarrow, Compass-plant, Rosinplant, Golden Coreopsis, Bur-marigold, Sneezeweed, Stick-tight, Golden Ragwort and Golden-rod. Did you know that these are all cousins? They are like an army marching on down through the years. Well equipped are the members of Dandelion family for this onward march, for each flower is made up of many little flowers grouped together, making a flower-head. And to these flower heads come many insects who by their carrying pollen from flower to flower, help the plants in sending their plant children into the world. Flowers are beautiful, not just for our sakes, but for the sake of the little seed children that are to be. Plants advertise with their beautiful flowers, inviting the insect visitors who bring from other flowers the pollen necessary that their lives may go on in the lives of their children. Isn’t this a wonderful Fairyland?



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TALL OR GIANT SUNFLOWER.

(*Helianthus giganteus*.)



BLACK-EYED SUSAN OR OX-EYE DAISY.

(*Thaetachia thirsa*.)



GIVING THE PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP TO TREE FAIRIES

ALONG THE ROAD

September 5th—Early this morning I was out seeking for Woolly Bear caterpillars—those fuzzy black and orange ones who become, when they grow up, Isia Isabella Moths. I found the seven-hundred and fifty-first one that I have found this year. Early morning is an especially good time to look for them, by the road, while the dew is yet upon the grass. Have you watched the Woolly Bear caterpillars change their skins? They are good ones to commence with. Then when you have seen them change their skins you will want to see other caterpillars do the same. Last year I raised fourteen hundred and thirty-nine Isia Isabella Moths from Woolly Bear Caterpillars like these. My, their appetites were enormous at times; and much bracken fern did they eat.

September 12th—Gypsy Combs by the roadside. Armored well is this fairy Teazel. And man has found a use for Teazel's armor in raising nap on woolen cloth. Have you watched a Bumblebee come unto a Gypsy Comb fairy?

September—Have you ever stopped to think what kind of a place this world would be if our trees were all taken away? Sometimes it is well for us to pause and think a few moments what things would be like without some of our daily blessings. I count trees among God's best gifts to us. To-day has been one of our pledge days—that is when we children assemble together and give to the trees our pledge of friendship. How many tree fairies do you know along the way? This afternoon we children learned this verse about the trees:

"In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod,—
Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before his face.
Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;
Trees for the birds to build in and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;
Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall.
Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail.
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;
He made them of every grain and girth,
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.
Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,
On the crown of a hill for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree."—Bliss Carmen.

ALONG THE ROAD

“Above the arching jimson weeds flare twos
And twos of sallow, yellow butterflies,
Like blooms of lorn primroses blowing loose
When autumn winds arise.”—James Whitcomb Riley.

September 18th.—Many and many are the Shepherd's Purses along the wayside now. These fairies with their dainty, heart-shaped seed pods, came over from Europe. Shepherd's Purses are cousins of Mustard, Radish, Spring Beauty, Wall Flower—Alyssum and Candy-tuft.

To-day I sat down on an old gray stone covered with lichens—and I kept very quiet because I wanted to watch the Earth-folks about. And when one keeps quiet one sees so much more. And the longer I kept still the more I saw—Mice folk and Insect folk. But the rarest of all that I saw this afternoon was Sir Badger. I had been very quiet for more than an hour when I heard a slight noise—and there only a little way from me was his knightship Sir Badger a-laying open the burrow of Gopher. Now, the Badger fairies are very shy folk, so I was very glad to see this one. I thought it would be interesting to get a closer view of his striped head, so I crept along so carefully. I think a Badger's sense of hearing must be very keen, for he quickly flattened himself out among the grasses—and if I had not known he was there I would have had a bit of difficulty in locating him. His beautiful silky gray hair blended in with the dry grasses about. Now, Sir Badger belongs to the Mustelidae family—and is therefore a distant relative of Otter, Skunk, Mink, and Weasel. He likes to eat gophers, ground squirrels, grasshoppers, field mice, small snakes, and some other things—and his scientific name is *Taxidea taxus*.

When I went along the road to-day I was thinking about the classification of things—and it is so interesting, the way in which individual fairies are grouped—and where they belong—in a scientific way. Now, here is fuzzy black and brown Caterpillar, “Woolly Bear”, who some day, when he grows up, will be an *Isia Isabella*, scientifically classified as follows: His specific name is *Isabella*. He belongs to the genus *Isia*. The genus *Isia* is one of the genera which make up the family of Arctiidae. The Arctiidae are a part of the sub-order of Heterocera (the Moths), who are one of two great subdivisions of the order Lepidoptera—which belongs to the great class Insecta, the highest class in the sub-kingdom of the Arthropoda. So we have our “Woolly Bear” Caterpillar, who is going to be an *Isia Isabella* Tiger Moth when he grows up, classified as follows:

Sub-kingdom—Arthropoda.

Class—Insecta.

Order—Lepidoptera.

Sub-order—Heterocera.

Family—Arctiidae.

Genus—*Isia*.

Species—*Isabella*.

ALONG THE ROAD

September 23rd—Still the Dodder blooms by the wayside. In this Fairyland around us even as in the Fairyland of story books, there are knights and bad fairies. Dodder belongs to the latter class. Some people call him Love Vine, but I trust that you who read the Fairyland around us will never again call Dodder "Love Vine." His other name of Strangleweed is much more appropriate. Some say they call this plant, with its yellow threads winding about other plants, the Love Vine because of its clinging habits. But, alas, it clings by means of suckers which steal life from those plants around which it winds. In the Court of Justice of Fairyland it stands condemned—it has no leaves; it has no green coloring matter; Dodder, the backslider of the Morning Glory family, is a thief; and rightly bears the name of Strangleweed.

On the way home from school we had an argument about who belonged to the Reptile class of the animal kingdom—and our argument became heated. Jane and I were sure that Lizards, Snakes, Tortoises, and Turtles belonged. Sammie said he knew Turtles were not reptiles and that Horned Toads were not either. When we arrived home we talked the matter over with Uncle and found out Jane and I were right; but we all forgot about Crocodiles who also belong to the Reptile class. (Anyway they are not every-day fairies for which we children are all glad.) Horned Toads belong to the Reptile class because you know they are really truly Lizards.

September 25th—More Hunter's Butterflies are about today than I have seen on any previous day of this year. Have you noticed how nearly like Thistle Butterflies these Hunter Butterflies are? Notice when they are at rest with their wings folded over their backs that on the lower wing Hunter's Butterfly has only two peacock eye-spots, while Thistle Butterfly has several and smaller ones. They are cousins.

September 29th—Still the Yarrow fairies bloom. It was in June that we held a reception for them and their cousins, Sunflower, Dandelion, and Thistle. And in the early spring we children liked to find the lacy leaves. Now still they bloom—these Yarrow Fairies, named for Achilles, whom, it is said, was taught their value by Chiron, the centaur, that he might use them as an ointment in the siege of Troy.

"I like the plants that you call weeds,—
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow,—
Which knit their leaves and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow."—Lucy Larcom.

ALONG THE ROAD

"And now from yonder beech-trunk, sheer and sterile,
The rat-tat-tat of the woodpecker's bill;
The sharp, staccato barking of a squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still."—Irvine.

October—A tiny yellow star here and a tiny yellow star there. 'Tis the Yellow Star-grass fairies still blooming by the way. It was May when first we found them, and later in June watched tiny bees—*Halictus*—come unto the yellow star-like blossoms. This fairy belongs to the *Amaryllis* family.

O, those dear Earth-star fairies—they were rolling about yesterday when the sun was shining; but last night it rained—and to-day they are resting. Uncle told me that they are found all over the world, and that when they are rolling about they scatter their Baby Spores, who will be, when they grow up, Earth Stars—"Water-measuring Earth-stars" Uncle calls them. Their scientific name is *Geaster hygrometricus*.

October 9th—Still the Moth Mullein blooms beside the way. Early in June we found the first blossoms and watched Bee fairies come unto them. We children think that it has been wrongly named Moth Mullein, for we have never seen a moth about these dainty fairy flowers. They are members of the Figwort family. Who are their cousins? Don't you like to see their pretty, round, brown seed vessels beside the road in winter? We children like to see them and the birds which come unto them.

I walked down the road a ways this afternoon and perched on the old rail fence. The reason I perched upon the fence was because I wanted to think, and while I was thinking I saw several Lizards. Now, a Lizard fairy is a very interesting creature—from egghood up. And after one has raised some lizards from eggs one has a sort of brotherly feeling toward all Lizards. They so like fence corners, and so do I. Now, there are lots of Lizards, but they are not all alike—there are Keeled Lizard (*Gerrhonotus*), Spiny Swift (*Sceloporus undulatus*), Common Spotted Lizard (*Holbrookia maculata*), "Horned Toad" (*Phrynosoma*), Skinks (*Scincidae*), Race Runner (*Cumdophorus sexlineatus*), and Glass "snake" (*Ophisaurus ventralis*), And all Lizards do not hatch from eggs—for some are born alive. I learned this in Lizard nursery—where baby Lizards to the number of thirty-three hatched from the eggs last year. But some Mother Lizards whom I brought in to lay eggs laid not eggs—and yet some mornings there were Baby Lizards with these Mother Lizards—and last year in the Lizard nursery seventeen baby Lizards were born alive—making a total of forty young Lizards (counting the thirty-three hatched from eggs). We named these forty from Assyrian, Egyptian, Chaldean, and Babylonian rulers—and seven were also each given a second name from the Bible.



CANADA JAY.
(*Perisoreus canadensis*),
♂ Life-size.



BRUCE HORSFALL

ALONG THE ROAD

Winter time is such a good time to study many flowerless plants. 'Tis in the winter we children like to collect the Moss Fairies. We have many Moss Fairies dwelling in our Fern garden. Then during these months, when many flowering plants are sleeping, it is such a joy to find the Lichen fairies along the way. And even the humblest fairies by the road are full of interest. Now, a Lichen fairy is really two different fairy plants living together. It is just this way: A white Fungus Fairy (who is made up of a felt work of minute threads, much like those in Moulds and Toadstools—and Algae Fairies (tiny plants often of a greenish color) dwell together with mutual benefit to one another. Sir Algae are entangled in the meshes of Fungus fairy. Now, Sir Fungus in this way gives support and moisture to Sir Algae—and Sir Algae, with the help of their own green coloring matter and sunshine, give food to the Fungus fairies. But we children have learned that, though the Algae Fairies can live without the Fungus, the Fungus cannot live without the Algae, as they cannot get food from the stone nor having chlorophl (which makes the green coloring matter in the Algae and other plants) they are unable to take food from the air by the aid of sunshine. Isn't this truly a wonderful Fairyland? Look for Lichen fairies on the rocks along the way.

Dec. 24th—Today we decorated the Christmas tree for the birds—the little birds who glory in the snowstorm and mind not at all the rain. We began with the fir tree by the gate—then five along the road and three in the woods. With pieces of suet, and apple, and baked potatoes, we decorated their Christmas trees. Then we sat down on a log and waited—waited and watched to see who would come first to our Christmas tree—and he who came first was a glad Chick-a-dee.

Chick-a-dees were among my first friends. It was in the winter that I learned to know them—in the winter when the snow was on the ground. I was three, then, and had my daily lunch counter for the birds on the window sill. Being only three was somewhat trying when one was not allowed to go out in the snow to play with the Chick-a-dees. The next best thing was to divide one's meal with them on the window sill.

Jan. 3rd—A Snowflake and a Junco—more Snowflakes and more gray Snow birds. Yesterday it was cloudy and a stray Sunbeam came and gave a new glory to the day, and made all We Children more glad. Today it is snowing and Junco's coming is to our hearts like the Sunbeam of yesterday. He is here—he is there. He seems a part of the snowstorm. We know what he likes—and we give what he likes. Seeds of weeds we gathered for him—in the late summer and early fall days—along highways and by-ways we sought and found—and gathered pockets full of seeds of weeds.

ALONG THE ROAD

“I feel the year’s slow—beating heart
The sky’s chill prophecy I know;
And welcome the consummate art
Which weaves for earth this mantle of snow.”

Winter days now are here—a few snowflakes came yesterday. I’ve been tending to Bird lunch counters to-day. And these birds I saw along the way—Robin, Bluebird, Varied Thrush, Chick-a-dee, Junco, Grosbeak, and Rosy Finch.

On winter days, bleak winter days—days that seem a bit colorless—I do so like to climb upon the old gray pasture fence and think—sometimes I think of colors. To-day I was thinking of some of the fairies who wear red—Cardinal Bird and Cardinal Flower, Scarlet Tanager, Clover Blossoms, Red-winged Blackbird, Columbine and Flame Lily, and Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Scarlet Painted Cup, Oswego Tea, Scarlet Pimpernel, Coral Honey-suckle, and darling little Crossbill. Others, too, wear the color red.

January 11th—I’ve been seeking for fairy cradles today. I found five Polyphemus ones on Hazel bushes with old dried leaves about them. And by and by the spring will come and if all goes well and has gone well beautiful Polyphemus Moth fairies will come from these cradles. The winter is the time to seek for many fairy cradles. I found a gray chrysalis of a Butterfly on the old rail fence.

Raindrops wearing snowflake dresses—gently drifting down—Mother Nature’s putting on a dress of wondrous whiteness. We children took to-day pieces of dark woolen cloth and held them up to catch the Raindrops wearing snowflake dresses. Under a glass that makes little things look big we saw these snowflake dresses—and they were beautiful. We learned verses this afternoon about the snow. One was by Lowell—and one was by Whittier. When I was a little girl—much littler than I am now—I wanted to wear a snowflake dress too. So I started down the garden path—and out the garden gate—a long, long ways, my dear Mamma thought, but really it was only two blocks about, I guess. The little snowflakes came down, down on my warm coat—and made me a snowflake dress right over it. Then somehow I got tired, and I felt sleepy. Pretty soon I woke up and my new snowflake dress was changing to raindrops. Three ones trickled over my nose, and woke me up. Being tired, I went into the church—and it was under a seat I woke up. Father O’Brien took me home to my darling Mamma, and said he thought one snowflake dress a day was enough. I thought so, too. Mother and Father were awfully afraid I was going to have croup, but I didn’t—I fed the Snow-birds, the Chick-a-dees (the ones who tell their names so plainly). And I took a mashed potato and gave it to Varied Thrush at the window-sill. My! that was a wonderful day—the day I first had a snowflake dress.



BRUCE HORSFALL
- 1908 -















RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Once upon a time a raindrop took a journey—journeyed to the sky—rode upon a cloud—then wore his snowflake dress and rested on the mountain side—rested long upon the mountain side with other little raindrops wearing snowflake dresses, too.

Then the warm sun came and lingered on the mountain side. Raindrop changed his dress and trickled over the ledge, and tinkled over tiny rocks, and laughed in glee as he hurried away down the mountain side. Down a little rill, went rushing on until, a little way beyond the foot of the hill he lessened his speed and whirling and stopped for a while his purling—rested and dreamed—and was lulled to sleep by the wind musician on the bosom of the lake.

Herein are recorded those fairies whom he met upon the way—they who dwell in and near the water. And these fairies whom he met upon his journey he wants you, the Children of Men, to seek for in the places where he met them. For this reason Raindrop's Journey is here recorded—that you may know more of the fairies who dwell in and near the water.

Unto all ye Children of Men who read of his journey Raindrops speaks: "Write and tell me of the Fairies you meet in and near the water—when you meet them—where you meet them—what you learn about them—and what you would like to know about them. 'Tis a joy I count it to help you find them and know them." Thus he speaks.

In a pond where the water was deep there dwelt a fairy with submerged rootstock and small purplish flowers. Her name 'twas Water-shield. Underneath her leaves hid tiny Fish. Raindrop knew because he balanced on the edge of the leaf and peeked over. Then he came close up to one of these little fish. He learned that Water-shield had another name—Water Target, and that she belonged to the Water-lily family. Also he learned that these Water Target fairies dwell in parts of Australia, Africa and Asia.

In a swampy patch of ground he saw a fairy with a yellow throat wearing a black mask. "Which way, sir? Which way, sir?"—thus spake this fairy Yellow-throat. Then Raindrop remembered and told him of the poet Van Dyke and of his writing a poem about him.

An evergreen tree of irregular form Raindrop found the Pacific Yew, dwelling on the bank; and told him how he had heard from a bird of the Yew's beautiful berries, of how the early home builder used Yew for posts, and of the Indians in the far North country making paddles and spear shafts from the wood of Yew.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Flying low over the pond he saw the Swallows—saw and loved them and lingered to watch them.

While yet afar off he heard the booming of Bittern in the marsh. "Ump-up, ump-up, ump-up." And Raindrop hearing this understood why Bittern is sometimes called Thunder Pumper. Cousin of Heron and Egret is this strange interesting fairy who often, at the approach of a person, appears like a stick among the rushes as he points his bill to the sky. Raindrop says Bittern is an example of Mother Nature's plan of protective coloration.

Rising above the low grasses and sedges was the Tall Manna-grass at the edge of the bog. As Raindrop came near unto them saw he also cattle coming to these tall Grass fairies. And on his journey a bird had told him that in fall it was the feasting place of many water birds, on their way to the south, for well they like these seeds.

Two days later he came unto Water Scorpion, he of the family of Nepidae, he whose scientific name is *Nepa cinerea*. And he found him feeding upon eggs of fish.

It was a moist place near unto the bank of the stream that Raindrop met three "Toad Bugs," they of the family Galulidae, they who, because of their projecting eyes, their dull mottled colors, and their broad, short bodies have been called "Toad Bugs."

In the bottom of the stream on rocks were many tiny rocks fastened together into a tube about an inch long. "Well, who in the world lives there, I just wonder," remarked Raindrop to himself, but the owner of the home overheard him. "I live here," came from the tube. "And who are you?" "I am going to be, when I grow up, a Caddis-fly. When I grow up I shall fly away from the water here, for wings then I shall have when I grow up." Farther down the stream Raindrop found other quaint homes of fir needles and of tiny sticks in which lived larvae of other Caddis-flies. And the little hermits within the log cabins were feeding upon water plants.

Farther down the stream Raindrop met a Mother Salmon going up the stream to lay her eggs. From her he learned that after they hatched from the eggs laid in the fresh water that Salmon fairies return to the ocean. Then when egg-laying time comes they seek for fresh water—and so ascend the streams to lay their eggs. Sometimes on this journey they travel several hundred miles. The Salmon fairy whom Raindrop interviewed was then four hundred miles from the sea. Raindrop learned also that after the spawning season Mother and Father Salmon die; but their lives go on in the lives of their many fish children of which at least a few nearly always grow up. So Raindrop said good-bye to Chinook Salmon, and he thought of her fish children making the journey to the sea though she returned not. And pondering over this he thought of the wonderfulness of life.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

How Raindrop liked the Pussy Willows I cannot tell; but each of you can measure his love for them by the love you have for them in your own hearts. Wind Fairies whispered to Raindrop of someone saying, "I sometimes think the Pussy Willows gray are angel kittens who have lost their way."

And in a quiet place where the waters sang not, but lay dreaming delightful, velvety dreams, there Raindrop found the Water Lilies, found the *Nymphaea Odorata*, with their root stalks anchored in the silt at the bottom of the stream, with their leaves floating on the surface of the water. And he lingered near a great white blossom with its golden stamens—and as he lingered there among the Water Lilies the Wind Fairies whispered to him of the Water Lilies' cousins, the fairy Lotus Flowers, whom people of the Far East love and adore—spoke unto him of how they tell of Brahma's coming forth from the Lotus, of how Budha first appeared floating on this mystic flower. All this told they unto Raindrop as he watched the bees and flower flies coming unto the Water Lilies.

Somewhere a flute was calling "O-ka-lee, O-ka-lee." And Raindrop, listening, wondered who was he? Where could he now be? "O-ka-lee," he heard again, this moment nearer, and the next moment a fairy in black with red upon his wings was among the reeds, was on the tallest reed of all.

While Raindrop was coming nearer the bird upon the reed began, "O-ka-lee. Redwing Blackbird is my name. To the family Icteridae I belong. My cousins are Bobolink, Oriole, Blackbird and Meadowlark. My home is in the swamp out there. In the swamp among the mosses of the reeds, is our cradle made of grasses and it suits their needs—the needs of our babies who are soon going to come out of the four eggs cradled there. O-ka-lee, more busy than I shall be. O-gurgle-ee-e, 'tis so happy that I be." And the flute in coat of black with red upon his wings sailed away toward the swamp out there.

In the swamp a sunshine flower was blooming, and Raindrop soon found these fairies, the Marsh Marigolds, and he told them of Shakespeare and of his writing "And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes." Also Raindrop had learned from the Wind Fairies that in Avon meadows bloom the Marsh Marigolds. These fairies belong to the Buttercup family. Who are some of their cousins? Their scientific name is *Caltha palustris*. While Raindrop tarried among them he saw bright flies, Syrphidae flies, come unto them. He had been gone from the swamp but a little way down the stream when he came unto cousins of Marsh Marigold, the Gold Threads, who were so named because of their beautiful roots.

Along the stream met he, too, Bridal Wreath, cousin of Meadowsweet, Sweetbrier, Strawberry, Rose and Blackberry.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Ever and anon he met a Clam. And this Clam was feeding upon tiny particles of Algae, etc., in the water. After observing these clams for some time, Raindrop realized that Clams aid in purifying surface water. He wanted to know how many Boys and Girls who read of his journey have kept Clams in an aquarium and have observed their important work.

On the muddy bottom of the pond Raindrop met a fish fairy whose skin was mud-color and thick and leathery. But this fish had not scales as many fish have. Who was he? His name?—Cat Fish, Horned Pout, Bullhead. Raindrop told this particular Horned Pout what a great man had written of them and some of their relatives. This great man, who knows so, so much about fishes—the little ones and the big ones, too—said this about Horned Pout:

“And what fish will the natural boy naturally take? In America, there is but one fish which enters fully into the spirit of the occasion. It is a fish of many species according to the part of the country, and of as many sizes as there are sizes of boys. This fish is the horned pout, and all the rest of the species of *Ameiurus*. Horned pout is its Boston name. Bullhead is good enough for New York; and for the rest of the country, big and little, all the fishes of this tribe are called catfish. A catfish is a jolly blundering sort of a fish, a regular Falstaff of the ponds. It has a fat jowl, and a fat belly, which it is always trying to fill. Smooth and sleek, its skin is almost human in its delicacy. It wears a long mustache, with scattering whiskers of other sort. Meanwhile it always goes armed with a sword, three swords, and these it has always on hand, always ready for a struggle on land as well as in the water.

The Catfish loves the millpond best of all, and it has no foolish dread of hooks when it goes forth to bite. It swallows the hook. Soon it joins its fellows on the forked stick, and even then, uncomfortable as it may find its new relations, it never loses sight of the humor of the occasion. Its large head and expansive forehead betoken a large mind. It is the only fish whose brain contains a Sylvian fissure, a piling up of tissue consequent on the abundance of gray matter. So it understands and makes no complaint. After it has dried in the sun for an hour, pour a little water over its gills, and it will wag its tail, and squeak with gratitude. And the best of all is, there are horned pouts enough to go around.”—David Starr Jordan.

And Raindrop on his journey learned that Frog eggs were laid in masses of jelly, whereas Toad eggs were laid in strings of jelly. Every time Raindrop came unto the eggs of Toads or Frogs he so much wished that they were hatched, for he liked to play with Tad-poles, who were to be, when grown up, Frogs and Toads.

Swamp Honeysuckle dwelt in the swamp, and there Raindrop found her, with other swamp fairies 'round her. To the Heath family she belongs and her cousins are Laurel, Rhododendrons, and Arbutus.

In a shallow pool he met the larvae of the delicate Midge Flies—they who belong to the family Chironomidae. Raindrop was just going to interview them when some fish ate them up.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

While he lingered in a Northern lake Raindrop heard, then saw the Loon, the solitary Loon, the Great Northern Diver, the *Gavia imber*:

"The Loon that laughs and flies
Down to these reflected skies."—Longfellow.

In a marsh were two cousins of the family Gruidae—they were Whooping Crane and Sandhill Crane. A mile away he heard their bugle-like cry.

Paddling along among the tules at the edge of a pond was Mud Hen, otherwise known as American Coot, and *Fulica americana*. Raindrop saw her dive in the shallow water, then paddle along among the tules until she came to a laughing group—a group of fairies like unto herself. And she joined in their chatter. Mud Hens are cousins of Gallinules and Rails.

A fairy came stepping daintily over the grass tops. 'Twas Black-necked Stilt, whom Raindrop had met the day before at the farther end of the pond.

About Tule Lake were Cormorants, who were expert fishermen. Raindrop learned that they belonged to the family Phalacrocoracidae.

Sometimes along inland waters he would come upon a Sea Gull.

'Twas in tule marsh that he first caught a glimpse of Forster Tern, he who is the cousin of Caspian Tern, Royal Tern and Common Tern—he whose scientific name is *Sterna forsteri*.

And when again he saw a little eel he thought of that verse:

"A youthful eel resided in a tiny tidal pool;
He was lithe as gutta-percha, and as pliable;
From his actions and contractions he appeared to be a fool,
But his virtue was completely undeniable."—Averyl.

'Twas in a pond, a shallow one, that Raindrop met Pickerel Weed. And he learned that Aurelius Evangel, the little Wind Fairy, had passed that way only four hours and eleven minutes previously.

At the border of a lake, among the tules, he saw a queer floating nest—'twas a raft of grass, tule-stems, and water plants—'twas a Grebe cradle. In it were Western Grebe's eggs—four white ones. Later during his journey he met her cousins Horned Grebe, Eared Grebe, Least Grebe and Pied-Billed Grebe.

Near the rivers in the lowlands he met Spotted Sandpiper fairies—"Peet-weet" he heard them calling—these little cousins of many other Sandpipers, these quaker gray birds whom children call "Tip-up" and "Teeter-Tail."

"I heard a whisper, sweet and keen,
Flow through the fringe of rushes green.
The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gayly answering."—Thompson.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Raindrop, observing on that May Day at the edge of the pond, saw here and there a tiny, spindle-shaped egg, glued to a grass stem. And while yet he wondered as to who had placed them there, he saw Mother Marsh Treader and learned of her that these same eggs were the present cradles of little Marsh Treaders to be.

Slowly wandering through a meadow on a day in June Raindrop came upon the Yerba Mansa fairies—they who are famous among the Spanish-Californians. And further on he met Swamp Buttercups, wading in the shallow water—Swamp Buttercups, cousins of Columbine, Gold Thread and Larkspur.

Hovering near Willows and Alders along the way he saw *Rutulus Swallowtail*. And the little girl told Raindrop of how she collected the tiny eggs from the Willow and Alder leaves and raised the caterpillars—of how these caterpillars grew and changed into *Rutulus Swallowtail Butterflies*.

As he lingered in the swale saw he not far away two cousins—Wild Crab Apple and Service Berry, whose other name is *Amelanchier*. Leaving the swale by way of a little stream, he came upon a third cousin—Hawthorne—whose other name is *Crotagus*; and yet another name had he—Western Haw. All these belong to the Apple family.

Here and there he met the fairy Newt, a Salamander, who came from a brown eggs about the size of Toad fairy's egg. He watched these Newt fairies eating wrigglers that were to have been Mosquitoes when they grew up—also he saw them eating other insects in the water.

One day Raindrop bumped into the queerest looking fairy. It was no other than the larva of the Dobson fly—he who is known as Ho Jack, Goggle Goy and Flipflap. From this fairy he learned that Dobson Flies lay their eggs upon the leaves of trees overhanging the water—and as soon as they can get out of the eggs the baby larvae drop into the water—and that they live in the water for almost three years. Then they become grown-up Dobson flies after spending a short time as pupae. And the larva who told this to Raindrop was then two years and ten months old and was soon to leave the water.

Before he came to the bend in the river he saw Kingfisher overhead—a flash of blue and white—and then a sudden plunge and splash; and Kingfisher, returning to his perch, swallowed his silvery dinner. When afterwards Raindrop heard his cheering rattle he thought:

“No wonder he laughs so loud,
No wonder he looks so proud;
There are great kings that would give their royalty
To have one day of his felicity.”—Thompson.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Raindrop, ever delighting in the color red, was overjoyed when he beheld, while yet afar off, the Cardinal Flower, beside the stream. "With its red flowers Cardinal Flower wooes the Hummingbird," the Wind fairies had told Raindrop, and even as he came unto them, saw he a Hummingbird at the bright blossoms. The message Cardinal Flower asked Raindrop to carry unto the Children of Men was that they love them and leave them blooming where they find them, lest in a few years there would be a famine of Cardinal Flower fairies. "So many of us are picked and carried away before we can send our seed children into the world—and how can there be many Cardinal Flower fairies unless many seed babies are sent into the world?" So spoke the bright fairy unto Raindrop. (And Raindrop is eager that all you children who read of his journey love the Cardinal Flowers and leave them blooming where you find them, that there may be many more Cardinal Flowers in coming years; and thus they may know that Raindrop gave their message unto you, the Children of Men.)

"On a mossy bank the Mist-Maidens dwell," the Wind Fairies told Raindrop, and in such a place he found them with their scalloped leaves and pearly petals. Cousins of the Waterleaf and Yerba Santa are the Mist-Maidens. Their scientific name is *Romanzoffia*, in honor of Nicholas Romanzoff, a Russian nobleman.

"Yes, I am Water Ouzel," answered the quaint bird bobbing among the rocks, "and Liloriol has been to my home so the Children of Men will know about it," in answer to Raindrop's questions.

It was along the stream that Raindrop found Twisted Stalk fairy of the Lily of the Valley family—Twisted Stalk with tiny, greenish-white bells hiding under his beautiful, glossy, green leaves. By the stream farther down found he, too, Spikenard, cousin of Twisted Stalk—Spikenard, who looks much like a wild Lily of the Valley with her several little starry blossoms.

In a meadow met he Meadow Foam—in a meadow where a little brook, having forgotten its course, was wandering here and there. So Raindrop wandered hither and yonder with the brook—and in his wandering found the Meadow Foam fairies at home. And the meadow was all a-cream with these fairies—the cousins of Geraniums, Filaree and Red Robin.

Upon the surface of the pond floated Wokas, the Indian Pond Lily. "Water Nymph" is the meaning of her scientific name, *Nymphaea*. Yellow are her sepals and Raindrop told her of Hiawatha's canoe floating.

"Upon the river

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn

Like a yellow water-lily."

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Just around the bend in a place where the stream was dreaming, Raindrop came upon Water Boatman, he of the family of Corixidae, swimming on the surface of the water. And when Raindrop from the bottom of the stream called unto him, Water Boatman, being an air breather, as he descended below the surface of the water, carried down with him a film of air among the fine hairs over his body.

"I've been watching you—how quickly you move about. This is your home?"

"Yes," answered Water Boatman, "this is now my home. Last year I lived in a pond; but when the warm days came it dried up, and I, with several others, flew away in search of water somewhere else. On our way we saw something shining—so bright—we flew about it. I afterwards learned that it was an electric light. And while we were hovering near it a little girl came and watched us, and I heard her say: 'They do not belong here.' I'm sure we must have looked clumsy, for we are not nearly so quick on land as in the water. Then she caught us and next day brought us to dwell here, where the water is dreaming. I think that she must have understood the longings of a Water Boatman's heart for water."

Raindrop was pondering about something. "Are your eggs laid in the water, or on land?"

"In the water," gravely answered Water Boatman; "in the water on the stems of water plants. And the little girl who put me back in water told me that the eggs of our cousins in a land farther south are gathered by the Indians and made into cakes with meal. She gave me a nibble of one her uncle had brought to her; but I didn't care for it. I was very glad when she placed me in the water here—and I like to live here."

The Otters were sliding, a-sliding down the slippery bank, when first Raindrop came in sight of them, and he thought from the way they acted that they were having as much fun as the boys and girls would doing the same thing. And later he thought as he watched them gliding along through the water how the boys and girls would joy to swim as well as they. He saw one Otter go after an eel, and another catch a trout. "Mother and Father Otter are devoted parents," Raindrop told Wind Fairy next day as he described to him their den beneath the bank—and their ways.

O'er the rippling water at the edge of the stream was bending a fairy with many dainty leaves, like unto Maidenhair Ferns. It was Meadow Rue, and her blossoms were like tassels—greenish tassels, tinged with purple. Raindrop learned that her cousins were Wind Flower, Buttercup and Gold Thread.



PHOEBE.
3 Life-size.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

There were ripples and there were Sunbeams, and there were Sunfish too. Raindrop lingered and watched the sudden movings about of his little lordship. When the morrow came and the sun was up he still was waiting, for he wanted to find out about the nest this Father Sunfish makes in preparation for baby fish that are to be. But the Wind Fairies whispered to him that Liloriole would tell the children about this nest. There were other fairies Raindrop must hurry on to see.

Lingered about the edge of the pond Raindrop found the yellow Cinquefoil fairies—they whose other names are Five Finger, Potentilla and Silverweed; they who are cousins of Rose, Cherry and Blackberry.

Over the surface of the water came skimming Hygrotrechus Remsigis, the Water Strider—he who in color is dark brown, he who in food habits is carnivorous, he who in his skimming over the water delighteth the hearts of many children—Water Strider of the family Hydrobatidae.

On a warm day in the swamp Raindrop met Mink and asked him if he was one of the water folk. "No," said Mink: "I fish and swim and dive, but I'm a hunter, too. I've been feasting on frogs today—found a lizard a while ago, and three earthworms. I'm a mouser, too, and I like young birds—to eat."

On a wet bank by a slowly moving stream on a July day he found in blossom Sagittaria, whose other name is Arrow-head, and whose delicate, golden-centered white flowers ever are bringing to the children of men a message of faith and purity.

Every little while Raindrop met a Water Snake—Tropidonotus. Some were banded ones, some were striped, and some were splotched, and so were named accordingly. From observation Raindrop learned that Water Snakes feed upon frogs, and toads, and little fishes. He also learned that baby Water Snakes do not hatch from eggs, but are born alive. He saw a number of baby Water Snakes in August and September.

On a warm, warm day that was a quiet day he met along the way Dragon-flies—some with clear wings, some with blue wings, some with red—all flitting overhead. 'Twas in the water 'round about him that he saw larvae, who were to be Dragon-flies, feeding upon other larvae, who were to be Mosquitoes. And overhead again he saw grown-up Dragon-flies.

In summer-noon flushes,
When all the wood hushes,
Blue dragon-flies knitting
To and fro in the sun,
With sidelong jerk flitting,
Sink down in the rushes.

And, motionless sitting,
Hear it bubble and run,
Hear its low inward singing,
With level wings swinging
On green-tasseled rushes,
To dream in the sun.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

"I envy the stream, as it glides along
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song."—Bryant.

Near unto the stream he met the Beaver—met the builder of the dam, met he whose scientific name is *Castor canadensis*. And from him Raindrop learned the lore of dam-building—and learning of the building of the dam he planned to come again in wintertime that he might tell the Children of Men of Wintertime in Beaverland, of Wintertime in Beaver Dam. Raindrop continued his journey, and Beaver went on with his supper of lily roots and green twigs.

"Vines are the curtains, blossoms the floor;
Voices of waters, sing evermore."—Taylor.

On a mossy log in a pond was a Duck fairy—in color not like other Ducks. 'Twas as though Mother Nature had baptized him in the rainbow, or while making the rainbow had paused for a moment to pet him—and in her stroking gave unto him and his descendants the hues of the raindrop. So children whom Raindrop knew told him of this fairy Wood Duck, whose scientific name is *Aix sponsa*. From these children he learned of their finding Wood Duck palace in an old hollow tree at the edge of the swamp. The cradle was lined with down from Mother Wood Duck's breast—and in the cradle were ten creamy-white eggs—and the day upon which Raindrop met the children they were picking out names for the ten Baby Wood Ducks-to-be.

In swamps and swampy land he met Swamp Ash and Black Ash, with whose splinters some people make baskets. Then along streams and near unto them he beheld Red Ash and Green Ash. All these belong to the Olive family.

As Raindrop proceeded down the stream he met *Belostoma* proceeding up the stream—*Belostoma*, the great Water Bug. "Please tell the Children of Men to call me by my proper name—*Belostoma*," he called unto Raindrop. "How shall they know you as *Belostoma*?" inquired Raindrop. "Why, bless yer heart, Raindrop—me picture is in that book in me natural size and me natural color—and me very own name, *Belostoma*, under it." And Raindrop then felt certain that all you Girls and Boys would want to call Water Bug by his proper name, *Belostoma americanum*.

O those little Rainbow Trout, how Raindrop liked them!

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."—Tennyson, "The Brook."

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

"The river sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being."—Bryant.

O'er the singing waters, bending over the mossy bank, were the Maiden-Hair Fern fairies. "Lovely fairies these," Raindrop told Aurelius Evangel, the little Wind Fairy.

Many Frogs did Raindrop see upon his journey, and Tadpoles, who were to be Frogs when they grew up, and also eggs in which were baby Tadpoles to be. Among the Frogs he met upon his journey were: Leopard Frog, Green Frog and Bullfrog.

Growing close beside a ditch was Shell-flower, otherwise known as Turtle-head. Raindrop watched the Bees enter the flowers and also saw Checker-spot Butterflies, the Baltimore, hovering about the plant. Afterwards he learned that these butterflies laid their crimson eggs upon the under side of Shell-flower's leaves, and upon the plant the caterpillars lived. Also he found out that Mullein, Monkey Flower and Foxglove were cousins of this fairy, Shell-flower.

On his journey, too, met he that near cousin of Lobster, Crayfish. One day he saw a Mother Crayfish with her eggs upon her swimmerets, and thought that a very handy way to carry her eggs about with her. He also learned that the baby Crayfish cling to the swimmerets until they are able to scuttle about for themselves. Crayfish is a distant relative of the insect fairies, belonging to the same great group Arthropoda—to which belong the Spiders, Insects, Centipedes and Millipedes. Raindrop wanted you children who read of his journey to write and tell him of the things you have learned in watching the Crayfish.

He found Sucker feeding at the bottom of the pond—feeding upon soft-bodied insects.

Several times on his journey Raindrop met Turtles. He found them feeding upon insects and small fish. Once in a while he saw a Turtle eat another Turtle's leg or tail with relish; so Raindrop felt from these observations that it would be advisable to tell the Boys and Girls to only keep one Turtle at a time in a small aquarium lest they feed upon one another's legs and tails.

Many different Willows Raindrop saw along the stream—Black Willow, Silky Willow and all the other Willows, too. Seeing them, he thought of this verse:

"They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses."—Isaiah 44:4.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Then Raindrop met Back Swimmer—he of the family Notonectidae, he who swims upon his back with his stomach upward. And Raindrop knew him immediately as Back Swimmer—for in this manner had he been described unto him: “You will see one who looks somewhat like Water Boatman; but by this shall you know him—he seemingly swims upside down.”

When Raindrop wanted to know where he came from and what his food was, he answered: “I came from an egg, an egg that was placed in the stem of a plant that lives in the water, by my mother. And I eat insects, other insects that live in the water, and”—— But he finished the sentence by catching a little Minnow. And just when Raindrop thought the interview at an end Back Swimmer began again: “But I’ve not always lived here in this water, once a little girl took me out of the mud at the bottom of this stream (it was in the winter time—most springtime, I suppose) and took me home with her—took me home and placed me in a tiny pool with glass on all sides—aquarium was what she called it. All things went well for a while, and then—well, there were quite a number of we folks who live in the water in that aquarium, and you have probably observed on your journey that even where we have much room we do not dwell together in peace. And as the days went by we folks dwelling in that aquarium became less in number. I, myself, helped in the disappearance of a number of the other insects. But one morning, right before her eyes, I took a Minnow which she liked very much. A tear came rolling down her face and then another, and they splashed in the water right over me. Then something so big came down into the water. (It’s that something I think Boys and Girls call a hand.) The next thing I knew it had hold of me, and I was going somewhere. Well, I soon found myself back here again. * * * My! but that aquarium was interesting—wished I could have stayed there longer.”

“Dear, my, O dear,” said Raindrop. “I think that aquarium idea is great and I’m hoping that all the little girls and boys who read of my journey will have an aquarium—one with congenial fairies in it.”

“The silver weed with the yellow flowers,
Blooms on the bank of that clear brook,
Whose music cheers my lonely way.”

Not far from the stream on a day in September saw he again a flower of many names, a flower whom he had first seen in blossom in July—Jewelweed, Balsam, Touch-Me-Not and Silver Leaf; and by scientists known as *Impatiens pallida*. And while yet he watched he saw a Hummingbird come unto this horn of plenty; and the Children named it among the Hummingbird’s flowers. Why its many names? And the Children merrily answered “for its flowers, for the dew upon its leaves at morn, for the way it scatters its seeds, for the silver upon its leaves when we place them under water.”



AMONG THE FAIRIES WHO DWELL IN THE WATER



WILSON'S SNIPE.
♂ Life-size.

PLATE 15. BY A. W. MUMFORD.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Among the grasses on the bank Raindrop caught a glimpse of Ribbon Snake—one of the slenderest of Snake fairies; he who feeds upon tadpoles, frogs and salamanders; he whose scientific name is *Eutaenia saurita*.

One September evening Raindrop paused at the edge of the swamp, and perceiving many little holes in the mud, called: "Snipe, Snipe, where are you?" for by these signs he thought him near. And indeed he was near by, probing in the mud for worms; but so much like his surroundings he looked that at first Raindrop had not perceived him.

"I've come to——" began Raindrop, but Wilson Snipe, otherwise known as Jack Snipe, and by scientists as *Gallinago delicata*, interrupted with: "I know why you have come and what you are here for. . . . Some of my cousins are Woodcocks, Sandpipers, Dowitchers, and Curlews—we all belong to the Scolopacidae family. . . . No, of course I don't wade far out—I probe for nearly all I eat. What do I eat? Just you watch and see."

And Raindrop, watching and seeing, concluded that his menu consisted mainly of worms. When he remarked of this to Wilson Snipe, he rejoined: "Yes, mainly of nice, juicy worms, but not entirely so, for, too, I like a dainty bite of grasshopper and other insects hereabout."

So far in their talk home building had not been mentioned, and Raindrop pondered a bit as to how he should bring it in—then he happened to remember that courting time comes before home building time, and said to Snipe: "Early in the spring I heard the Aeolian wh' 'ling of your wings when you a-wooing did go."

"Yes—and Liloriote came to our home on the pond in the Marsh where my mate had eggs three, and she told us of thee and thy journey." So that was how Jack Snipe had learned of Raindrop's journey.

A Blackbird with a yellow head Raindrop saw in the swamp. 'Twas Yellow-headed Blackbird, himself—the cousin of Meadow-lark and Oriole.

Along the way Raindrop met an Eel—a slippery Eel on her way to the sea. And when he asked her why she was going to the sea he learned that she was going there to spawn. When young she had come up the river and up this stream, but was now going back to salt water. There on a bank of mud, off the mouth of the river, she would lay her eggs and they would be fertilized, and hatch. Then months afterwards the young Eels would find their way inland up streams. Would the Mother Eel return?—No, she journeys not the second time up the streams for she dies soon after her eggs are laid. Raindrop pondered—in the spring he had met Mother Chinook Salmon going up stream to lay her eggs, after which she would die. Now he met Mother Eel going to the sea to lay her eggs, after which she would die. But the Mother Eel's life would go on in the lives of her baby Eels, even as the life of Mother Salmon went on in the lives of her baby Salmon.

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

Every now and then upon his journey Raindrop was taken by the Sun-beam fairies up, up into the clouds—and then again he came down, down to continue his journey in another place. So sometimes he was along a mountain stream—again a lake—and then some river. But ever as he journeyed he sought and found the fairies who dwell in and near the water that he might tell the Children of Men of these fairies.

Often it was that he saw the Fairy Trout and, seeing them, lingered to watch them, and as he stayed among them he thought of the verse he had learned from a little girl as she leaned over the waters watching the Trout.

“The trout within yon wimpling burn glides swift—a silver dart;
And safe beneath the shady thorn defies the angler’s art.”—Burns.

In the swamp he found the Cat-Tails at home—at the edge of the swamp where their fibrous roots had threaded the mud. And he called up unto them and they listened and talked with him—for awhile. And from them he learned that the winds and the waters help their seed babies to find new homes. And from the Wind Fairies he learned a little child’s rhyme about them.

Many Ducks met he upon his journey. Among them were Mallard, Pin-tail, Redhead, Blue-bill, Buffle-head, Canvas-back, Gadwall, Shoveller, Scoter, Ruddy and Ring-necked, Old Squaw and Long-tailed.

At the edge of the stream he saw the Muskrat—saw the fairy Muskrat feeding upon the roots of the sweet flag. And he learned from Muskrat how the winter lodge is made, from where they brought the flag and lily roots they liked so well, where their summer burrow was. Also he learned from Muskrat of a little girl in search of the homes of Fairyland visiting their summer burrow when he was a younger Muskrat. (He was not yet very old—very young, Raindrop thought him.)

Bumble-bees were coming to and from the purple flowers of Water Avens, whom Raindrop found dwelling in the swamp. To the Rose family this fairy belongs. Who are her cousins? Her scientific name is *Geum rivale*.

These Geese he met upon the way were these (and a few others)—White-Fronted Goose, Snow Goose, Canada Goose and Cackling Goose.

’Twas in a salt meadow near unto the sea that Raindrop saw Marsh Rosemary. “Like mist blown in over the meadow from the sea” these many fairies appeared. Marsh Rosemary belongs to the *Plumbago* family and fair are her lavender blossoms.

And Raindrop going on and on came to the sea, the deep, deep sea, the far reaching sea—soft was the light that lay upon the sea—and many were the fairies that dwelt therein. And because of their multitudes everywhere he thought to write another book of the fairies who dwell there.

IN THE FIELDS

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."—Lowell.

June 1st—The fields are yellow with God's Gold. Afar it stretches, as though last night and the night before a thousand sunbeams came to linger for awhile and make a cloth of gold upon the bosom of our field.

"Flower of the Westland, with calyx of gold,
Swung in the breeze over lace-woven sod;
Filled to the brim with the glory of God,
All that its wax-petaled chalice can hold."

June 7th—In the fields yesterday and today on leaves of Plantain we found one hundred and seventeen caterpillars of Peacock Butterflies feeding. Two weeks and four days ago we found small dark green eggs on Plantain leaves—and the caterpillars which came from those eggs are like unto these. Two years ago while raising these butterflies to study their life history we learned that they would also eat Snapdragon leaves. Peacock Butterfly's other name is Junonia Coenia—and he belongs to the Nymphalidae family.

"Of all the flowers in the mede,
Than love I most these flowers white and rede
Soch that men callen dasies in our town."—Chaucer.

"Bob-o'-link—Bob-o'-link"—he surely tells his name. He is one of the dearest of all our field fairies. His whole being fairly bubbles over with the joy of the fields. Did you know that he is a cousin of Blackbird, Oriole and Meadowlark? We have learned that he likes to eat insects, and also some seeds. His scientific name is Dolichonyx oryzivorus. We children love this verse about him—and the other day we told it to a Mother Bob-o'-link and her Baby Bob-o'-links five.

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink.
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers—
Chee, chee, chee!
Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink."

IN THE FIELDS

"In all places then and in all seasons
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things."—Longfellow.

June 8th—This morning I went into the fields before six o'clock, taking my breakfast with me. A happy hour I had among the Morning Glory fairies. And there were jewel dewdrops on the Spider Webs among the vines. Among Morning Glory's cousins are Moon Flower, Man of the Earth and Dodder, who has fallen from grace and is much unlike our beautiful Morning Glory.

"And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile, smile thy gloom away."—Bryant.

June 9th—Gophers are busy out in the field; and the Mole fairies are being blamed for their work. Now the Gopher—it is true that he eateth of young roots of things we want to grow; but the Mole eateth of worms and insects. Have you explored for a little way either the tunnel of a Gopher or Mole—these fairy folk who live in the earth?

We have been looking all day for Night-Hawk homes in the field, but none we found until near the hour of sunset, when we came unto the old rock-bar on the east side of the pasture. And there among the rocks we found them—first two eggs, then a baby Night-Hawk, then another egg, then two more baby Night-Hawks. Altogether we found seventeen homes. Now, Mother Night-Hawk does not build a home—but she lays her eggs, usually two in number, on the bare ground or among rocks. Well they harmonize with their surroundings, and it is often difficult to see them. Night-Hawks have unusually large mouths, which I'm sure must be of an advantage to them as they sail through the air catching flies, ants, mosquitoes and other insects. We had a wonderful time at the Night-Hawk settlement—we are going to select names for all the baby Night-Hawks when we get home—you see, the scientific name of Night-Hawks is *Chordeiles*, and we have a big task in picking out names to harmonize with this for the baby Night-Hawks that now are—and the baby Night-Hawks that are to come out of all those eggs that haven't hatched yet. The clouds were beautiful coming home.

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west."—Wilson.





Horned Lark

Sweet, sweet sweet
O happy that I am
listen to the Meadowlark's

Sweet Across the fields
that sing

Sweet O, Winds that blow

sweet O, buds that grow

O, rapture

O happy the spring

world Dear heart

that I hear

is across the fields

Sweet, sweet, sweet

O, world so full of bliss

for life is love

The world is love
and love is overall.



H-BILLIE HOUSFALL



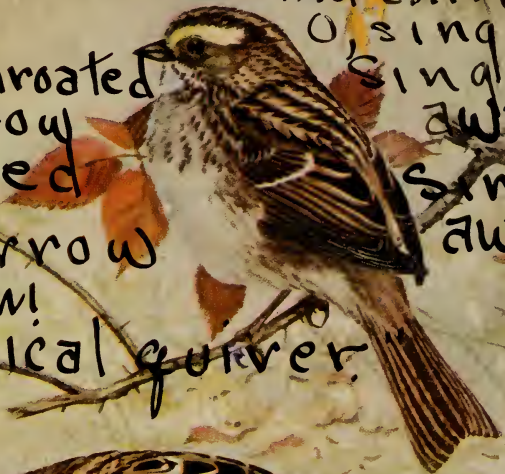
Violet

G. REED



Indian Paint Brush

Have you heard
Of the Singaway bird
That sings where the
Runaway river
Runs down with its rills
From the bald-headed hills
That stand in the sunshine
and shiver
O sing!
Sing
away!
Sing
away!
It was a
White-throated
Sparrow
That sped
light arrow
from
his musical quiver.



And beneath the glad sun
Every glad-hearted one
Sets the world
to the tune of his gladness.

Gladness of woods, skies, waters

The bob-o-link has come
and like the soul

Gurgles

in
ecstasy
we know

not what
saved June! Dear June

Now
God be praised for
June!

neath the blue of
the peaceful skies
his wake as over the field
is a bubbling trail of song





IN THE FIELDS

June 15th—We children love to go to the meadow where the Buttercups grow—why, it looks just like the sun's children had come to live in that meadow this month. It is a golden meadow now. Don't you just like to cuddle down among Buttercups? We do. Did you know that Buttercup has other names?—Cuckoo Flower, Crowfoot, Kingcup, Butter Flower and Goldcup. Scientists call her *Ranunculus*. Have you held a reception for Buttercup fairies and invited their cousins, Meadow Rue, Marsh Marigold, Larkspur, Columbine, Virgin's Bower and Wind Flower?

June 17th—In the field today I saw a father Horned Lark with baby Larks three busily hunting insects. Then even while I watched them he rose into the air singing that tinkling song that sends joy everywhere. He is a cousin of the Skylark.

“Oh, listen! The wild flowers are singing
Their beautiful songs without words!
They are pouring the soul of their music
Through the voices of happy birds.”—Lucy Larcum.

June 20th—I've a Grass Garden out in the field, in the corner of Grandfather's field. Today I've been out talking to the Grass fairy children. (Have you a Grass Garden?) It brings one so many joys—more joys than toys—because the Wind fairies make sweet music among the Grass fairies and little fairy voices whisper back and forth; and one has a wonderful song in one's heart as one walks among the Grass fairies in one's own Grass Garden. Among the Fairy Grasses who dwell in my garden in the field are: Velvet Grass, Silvery Hairgrass, Tall Red-top, Floating Mannagrass, Kentucky Blue grass, Reed Canarygrass, Foxtail Grass, Purplish Aristida, Squirrel-tail Grass, Nodding Wild Rye, Lacegrass, Timothy and Raygrass. These are their common names—other names had they, too, of my own choosing.

“Even as the growing grass,
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.”—Wheelock.

June 21st—O, the Timothy Grass in the fields is in bloom; and we children like them all. We sent our greetings to them by the wind this morning, and then we raced to the fields to tell them ourselves. We told them how they came by their name—Timothy—you see it was for Timothy Hanson, who cultivated them many years ago, that they were named. The children call them Cat's-tail Grass. Their scientific name is *Phleum pratense*.

IN THE FIELDS

The field Musicians—often we go quietly and listen to them—and listening feel the bond of brotherhood with the little Earthfolk about us. And who are the musicians of the field—Meadowlark, Bob-o'-link, Bob White, Katy-did, Vesper Sparrow and Cricket are among them.

We were just bubbling over with joy this morning—and we couldn't keep still. And when we went to the fields we heard him—"Bob White, Bob White." He always tells his name so plainly—this cousin of Partridge, Grouse and Quail. We learned this verse about him:

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rail remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
Where the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn;
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

June 15th—O, tongues of flame are speaking here and yonder where blooms the Indian Paint Brush, the Scarlet Painted Cup, cousin of Mullein, Monkey Flower and Fox Glove. And to it comes the Hummingbird. (We saw four about them today.) And, too, we found feeding on the plant, caterpillars, who some day will be Checker-spot Butterflies. *Castilleja* is its scientific name.

"Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

June 17th—I have just returned from taking the caterpillars to grass. Grandfather's eyes twinkled when he met me in the field taking caterpillars to grass, and he said in his kindly way, "I met you this morning taking the cows to pasture, now it is the butterflies. Whose turn comes next?"

"The plump ones who are to be Indian Skipper Butterflies when they grow up, and the reason I didn't bring all the caterpillars at once—all those who feed on grass—was because the herding of caterpillars is more difficult than the herding of cows. After the caterpillars browse awhile I bring them home with more grass like that upon which they were feeding in the field. Now I must take the caterpillars of Indian Skipper to pasture.

June 21st—Out in the meadow where the land is damp and where hundreds of *Camasses* are blooming—that is where we have been today. And a wonderful time we have had with *Camass* fairies who wear the Joyous Blue, Grandfather, finding us among the *Camasses*, told us how their bulbs were prized by the Indians and that a war—"the Nez Perce Indian War" in Idaho was caused by encroachments upon the territory rich in these bulbs—also he said that Bears liked the bulbs. These *Camass* fairies are cousins of *Mission Bells* and many *Lilies*.

June 29th—In the nest of *Nakomis*, the little field mouse, I found two *Assassin Bugs*.



Hippiscus neglectus.
Dissosteira carolina.

COMMON AMERICAN GRASSHOPPERS.

Life-size.

Arphia tenebrosa.
Schistocerca americana.

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Melanoplus differentialis.
Hippiscus tuberculatus.



IN THE FIELDS

July 17th—Over the meadow they flit. Over the Clover they hover—these Sulphur Butterfly fairies. Upon the leaf of the Clover an egg I found—and upon another leaf another egg. We have raised from sixty to ninety each year. And delightful times we have had in Butterfly Nursery watching the caterpillars hatch—and then feed upon Clover leaves, and then rest on the midribs of the underside of the leaves. We children all think the green caterpillars that are to be Sulphur Butterflies when they grow-up, very interesting youngsters. Have you looked for the eggs of Sulphur Butterfly on Clover leaves.

July 20th—He has long hind legs and of course he is a good jumper. He has such a solemn face—this Grasshopper fairy of the fields. He doesn't have his ears in his elbow as Katydid has. His are under his wings on the first segment of his abdomen. Have you watched him clean his antennae? A very cleanly person is this spry fairy of whom a poet, who lived five hundred years before Jesus was born, wrote:

"Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All the summer hours produce,
Fertile made with thy juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!"—Anacreon.

July 22nd—This afternoon we children—nine of us—went to the field and climbed upon the old rail fence to get a better view of the fields—of the Corn Flowers in one particular field. Why, that field is spangled with Corn Flower fairies—mostly wearing blue dresses; but some wore purple ones and others white. The longer we stood on the fence watching them the more we wondered how many there were, so we just started out to count them. We did not get many counted until we were sent home to bed—because while we were counting Corn Flowers we were tramping down the grain. Now wasn't it queer that we hadn't thought of that? But being sent to bed didn't stop one's thoughts of Corn Flowers. Their scientific name is *Centaurea* (after a wonderful centaur of olden days). They are also called Bachelor's Buttons; and each one consists of many flowers.

"Wayside songs and meadow blossoms; nothing perfect, nothing rare;
Every poet's ordered garden yields a hundred flowers more fair;
Master-singers know a music richer far beyond compare."

"Yet the reaper in the harvest, 'mid the burden and the heat,
Hums a half-remembered ballad, finds the easy cadence sweet,—
Sees the very blue of heaven in the corn-bloom at his feet."—Van Dyke.

IN THE FIELDS

"From west to east the warm breath blows,
The slender heads of wheat droop low, as if in prayer.
Again, more lightly tossed in merry play,
They bend and bow and sway with measured beat,
But never rest, through shadow and through sun,
Goes on the tender rustle of the wheat."

August 9th—We children found the eggs of the mate of Daddy-Long-Legs, whose other names are Grandfather, Graybeard and Harvestman, on the ground under a rock in the field. Last year while Grandfather was harvesting we found eggs like unto these and brought them home. They did not hatch until this spring, and the baby Harvestmen were very dear. Each one looked like a Daddy-Long-Legs in miniature. They were shy in the daytime—and so often I came down in my night gown long after bedtime to see what they were doing. It was great the way they changed their skins; and auntie remarked that I saved those little skins they shed as a mother saves the baby clothes when baby outgrows them. So they outgrew their baby clothes, and often we marveled when by accident they lost a leg and grew another. Too, it was entertaining to watch them clean their legs. My—such long ones as they have. If we had stilts like that—just think of the rate and the distance at which we could travel on our exploration, information trips each day. Grandfather says "Don't think of it." (I'm sure he is afraid that I would not be at home when night came.)

"The Indian corn a rustling symphony
Murmurs responsive to the wind's sweet will."

August 11th—In Grandpa's pasture we found many Mushroom fairies, they who are called the Common Mushrooms, they whose scientific name is *Agaricus campestris*. And Uncle went out and gathered some for supper, for these are good to eat. But this Uncle says—"You children must never taste the Mushrooms you find for some Mushrooms are poison—and lest it be a poison one you taste 'tis best to taste them not at all." And we won't, because Uncle, he knows what is best.

August 13th—'Most every day now we children are in the wheat fields and we listen and listen to the music there.

"When sun and sky were sweet, in happy noon,
We stood breast-high, mid waves of ripened grain,
And heard the wind make music in the wheat."

August 15th—In the meadow where the ground is moist the Helmet-flowers grow—and now they are blooming—and to them come the Bees, and we children. About them we have planted some of their cousins—Catnip, Blue Curls, Pennyroyal, Wild Thyme and Peppermint, Gill-over-the-ground, and Sweet Basil.

IN THE FIELDS

There is strength in the soil;
In the earth there is laughter and youth;
There is solace and hope in the upturned loam.
And lo, I shall plant my soul in it here like a seed!
And forth it shall come to me as a flower of song;
For I know it is good to get back to the earth—Stringer.

August 20th—Out in the Alfalfa field—that's where we have been this morning. Alfalfa fairies are very interesting. Did you know that they are cousins of the Sweet Peas, Clovers and Scotch Broom? that Alfalfa was taken to Greece from Media and was cultivated hundreds of years before Christ was born?

August 23rd—Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam and I have just been for a tramp—that is, I did the tramping and J. J. B. S. Rheoboam rode in my biggest apron pocket. He slept part of the way until I had so filled that pocket with food for thirteen patients in the hospital that very little room was left for him. You see Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam is a sleek, fat meadow mouse (not nearly so big as his name)—and he and I are good friends through sunshine and rain. He is very fond of corn cooked just the way I like it; but mother learned of this and forbid me to carry corn out to J. J. B. S. R., so the only thing to do was to carry J. J. B. S. R. to the corn. For five meals I brought him to the table in my pocket and gave him nibbles in between times. All went well—I eating with one hand and keeping the other hand on his lordship of the field, but on the day that I very much needed both hands to cut apart a piece of meat and had not a third hand to restrain the wee beastie, his lordship somehow in a moment was nibbling at the corn in the dish at my left, which belonged not unto me, but to the guest of honor. Lo—a great electrical storm broke in our dining room and I received the after effects of it out in the woodshed, where the power of the electrical current generated by J. J. B. S. R.'s appearance at the table was conveyed through the medium of hazel switches. When I had been in bed twenty-one minutes, and seemingly forsaken, who should come peeping over the window sill and creeping over the floor but my little friend of the fields, Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam.

“Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.”—Shakespeare.

August 27th—O, the fairy wheels all over the field. We children do like them; so also do Wasps, Flies, Beetles and Bees. But the farmer, he says: “Those pesky wild carrots are taking the field.” Queen Anne's Lace is its other name; and well it is named, with its lacy flowers and fringy leaves.

And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful.
The beautiful is good.”—Whittier.

IN THE FIELDS

"Insect lover of the sun, joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere; swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon; epicurean of June."—Emerson.

Bumble-bees come and Bumble-bees go. Three times I have found a new Bumble-bee colony in an old nest of field mice. Long hours I have watched near these Bumble-bee homes—and every minute was full of interest. In exploring to find out the whys and wherefores of some things I have learned that a Bumble-bee worker stings. I believe that the smaller Bumble-bee workers tend the babies. It seemed that the larger ones were busy bringing in the honey. Also sometimes I see them mending the covering of the nest.

"Burly, dozing bumble-bee, where thou art is clime for me.
I will follow thee alone, thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer, let me choose thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer, singing over shrubs and vines."—Emerson.

Sept. 6th—Saw two baby Blue Racers hatch out of two eggs in the corner of the meadow to-day. Ten days ago I saw seven eggs there.

To-day a letter came from little Marino—he's one of the lumber camp children who so liked to go with me on our nature walks. And he loved our Cathedral, too. The letter to-day was mostly about White-throated Sparrows. You see, Marino is gone from our Oregon to the land beyond the Rockies. This dear fairy he wrote about is a new fairy he has found there. In the thicket by the old rail fence at the edge of the field was where Marino found these darling Sparrow fairies—they whose throats are white, they who like seeds of berries and seeds of weeds, they of whom the poet wrote:

"Have you heard of the Sing-away Bird,
That sings where the Runaway River
Runs down with its rills from the bald-headed hills
That stand in the sunshine and shiver?
Oh, sing! sing away! sing away!
How the pines and the birches are stirred
By the trill of the Sing-away Bird!
'Twas a White-throated Sparrow that sped a light arrow
Of song from his musical quiver.
And it pierced with its spell every valley and dell
On the banks of the Runaway River—
Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!
The song of the wild singer had
The sound of a soul that is glad."—Lucy Larcum.

Marino saw one wee White-throated Sparrow alight on a slender weed stalk—and down came weed stalk, birdie and all.

IN THE FIELDS

October—In the night, last night, I heard them calling “Kill-dee, kill-dee, kill-dee.” Over and over again they told their name—these cousins of Golden Plover, Snowy Plover and Mountain Plover.

When Autumn time comes walking across the fields 'tis time to transplant Wild Flower fairies to our Wild Flower Gardens. To-day we have been transplanting Blue Iris, Blue-eyed Grass and Blue Sailors from the fields to our Garden of Joyous Blue. From the damp meadow we transplanted Helmet-flower and Forget-me-not.

October 6th—We children love the Crickets, Mother Nature's tiny violinists. This year we raised twenty-seven. And to-day in the fields we found others. We just feel glad all over when we hear them.

“Welcome with thy clicking, cricket,
Clicking songs of sober mirth;
Autumn striping field and thicket,
Brings thee to my hearth,
Where thy clicking shrills and quickens,
While the mist of twilight thickens.

No annoy, good humored cricket,
With thy trills is ever blent
Spleen of mine, how does thou trick it
To a calm content.
So by thicket, hearth or wicket,
Click thy little lifetime, cricket.”

—Bayard Taylor.

October 23rd—O, the little sister of the Daisy—I found her in the fields today. In June I found her there, too. No wonder she has such a firm hold in the world, when for so many weeks she is sending seed children into the world. She came to us from Europe. They say she dwells also in Asia and Africa. Of names she has a goodly share—Dog-fennel, May-weed, Pig-sty, Daisy, Dillweed and Fetid Camomile. Her odor, it is not pleasant; but little flies mind that not. We watch them come and go.

October 27th—Three quaint elves I met in the field today, and then three more—and each one's name, it was the same, Leaf-Hopper of Jassidae family. In August on Blue-grass in my Grass Garden there were tiny eggs, and I brought them home to the Nursery. Later from them came baby Leaf Hoppers who changed their clothes three times before they grew up. In June we held a “Leaf-Hopper” convention—and many and varied were the elves in attendance at this convention—Leaf Hoppers of the Jassidae family.

IN THE FIELDS

May 3rd—On our way home from school this afternoon we stopped in the fields to sip the nectar from the flower heads of Blue Curls. My, it tasted good. No wonder the Bees liked to call upon Blue Curls. After we had watched the Bees for several minutes we stopped taking the nectar, because we felt it belonged more to them than to us. You see they help Mother Nature send more seed babies (that are to be Blue Curls when they grow up) into the world by aiding in the fertilizing of the flower. Blue Curls are known by other names—Heart-of-the-Earth, Self-heal and Prunella. They belong to the Mint family.

I was late to school this morning; but I did not mind being late because I found something which I've been trying hard to find for three days—Mother Meadowlark's home. Since the first day I saw her hurrying low through the grass at the edge of the field I felt her nest was near by. Sure enough it was. It was made of grass, and in a clump of grass, and in it were five Baby Meadowlarks. I was so happy to find them, and so busy finding grasshoppers for them to eat, that I forgot what time it was and of course was late to school. But being as I had my lessons for to-day done yesterday teacher only kept me fifteen minutes after school. And then, having kept me in, she went with me to see the Meadowlark babies. I carefully gave her one grasshopper to give them. She, being of a timid nature, held that little grasshopper out on a piece of grass and before the birds had a chance at it the pesky thing hopped off the piece of grass and away.

May 15th—A lovely shower has come to earth and sweet is the air most everywhere, but sweetest in the field here. We children have just been trying to find where so much fragrance is coming from. We did take in a big breath, and did smell, and did snuff and our search it did end with Sweet-Vernal Grass, for it was the source plainly enough. Sweet Vernal Grass, whose stems are so satiny, is called by scientists *Anthoxanthum odoratum*.

"All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower."—Robert Browning.

May 19th—We went to gather wild strawberries today and found Cat-Ears in the field and Cat-Tails at the edge of the swamp. It certainly is interesting the number of things one finds when one goes wild strawberrying. We children all love Cat-Ears—they are so velvety. We like to sit down among them and place our cheeks against their soft white or purplish blue hair-covered petals, and listen to the earth things talking. Cat-Ears belong to the Lily family and are cousins of Mission Bells, Hyacinths, Stars-of-Bethlehem, Camas and Lamb's Tongue Lily. Cat-Ear we know by three other names—*Calochortus*, Star-Tulip and Mariposa Lily, which means Butterfly Lily.

IN THE FIELDS

"I saw two clouds at morning, tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on, and mingled into one."

May 12th—O, here and there, and far and wide, the field is all creamy with dainty Fairy Cream-cups, of the Poppy family. Cousins of God's Gold are these plants, with uplifted blossoms, nodding buds, and fairy stems.

May 17th—Found a Mother Kildeer at home in Grandfather's cornfield. She was near unto a corn plant. No home had she builded—her eggs were on the ground. There were four of them, and they had spots of brown and black upon them. I can hardly wait until the baby Kildeers hatch. I was picking out names for them to-day. Their scientific name is *Aegialitis vocifera*—and baby Kildeer are such darling babies.

May 27th—The little Pear-shaped Puffballs we found in the field today—and their scientific name is *Lycoperdon*. Don't you think that Mother Nature has given the Puff-ball Baby Spores lovely cradles? These are found all over the world.

June 5th—I've been out in the field gathering grasses—gathering grasses for seventeen caterpillars, who will be, that is, if all goes well, when they grow up, Whirl-about Butterflies—

"Faint, faint and clear,
Faint as the music that in dreams we hear
Shaking the curtain-fold of sleep,
So softly, softly stirs
The wind's low murmur in the rippled wheat."

July 1st—Still the Chickweeds bloom in the fields. These Chickweed fairies belong to the Pink family and are cousins of Campion and Cockle. Later in this month each year we children gather Chickweed seeds for bird fairies; and among those who like them well are Canaries and Sparrows.

July 15th—Out in the field this afternoon I heard the little Violinist, Black Cricket. We children have interesting times with these musicians. We find them under stones and clods in the field. Have you seen their ears on their front legs? Have you brought Crickets home to watch? Where would one keep them? Take a flower pot, plant in it grass and clover, place over this a lamp chimney, and mosquito netting on top of this. Our Crickets, Violin first and second, Mandolin first and second, fed upon grass and clover, and liked bits of melon rinds and apple.

July 19th—Have you met Corn Cockle fairies in the field? Corn Cockle fairies, who dwell on both sides of the sea; whose scientific name, *Agrostemma*, means Crown of the Field; whose cousins are Soapwort, Campion, and Starwort; are invaders from a land beyond the sea. Caterpillars who some day are to be *Diathæcia* Moths like seeds of Corn Cockle; but the farmers like not these seeds, and the pink of Corn Cockle over the fields means to them only a lot of weeds.

IN THE WOODS

"And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest."

March 9th—A Fairy from the land beyond the Rocky Mountains is blooming in our Cathedral to-day. From far away New England came the plants last year to dwell in our Cathedral here in Oregon woods. We children love Arbutus—that is why we placed it in the Cathedral—whose pillars are the forest trees, the great tall fir trees; and whose dome is the sky. Near the altar bloom these lovely cousins of Rhodora and Rhododendron.

"God made the flowers to beautify the earth,
And cheer man's carefull mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude."—Wordsworth.

March 12th—It seemeth to live by a rule of three—a dainty, white fairy, blooming in the woods now. Three leaves, three petals, two times three stamens, three styles and a three-celled ovary—Trillium, it is well named. To the Lily of the Valley family it belongs. Who are its cousins?

March 15th—Away back in the woods I saw him today—he was perched on a limb and was sound asleep. I'm sure he must be a very sound sleeper—this Saw-Whet Owl—for I tapped on the tree several times before he woke up. He has another name—Acadian Owl, and his scientific name is *Nyctala acadica*. Last year I found a Mother Saw-Whet Owl at home in an old Woodpecker's hole, one week later than this week. She was sitting upon six white eggs. Mice from the mouse-traps I brought her—she liked them.

March 16th—We found Asarum, the Wild Ginger, with its one flower so nearly like the woods' carpet of dry leaves around it. And finding one we found others, too. We did not pick them; but we waited near to watch the small flies come to the flowers. I'm sure that these flies aid in the fertilizing of wild ginger by carrying pollen from one plant to another. Other names also has Wild Ginger—Snake-root, Indian Ginger and Cat's Foot. Azaro, Marie from Spain called it. Little Philip of France called it Asaret..

"Delightful music woos the ear;
The grass is stirred
Down to the heart of every spear—
Ah, that's a Bird."—Powell.

IN THE WOODS

"Such infinite variety appears,
A hundred artists in a hundred years
Could never copy from a floral world
The marvels that in leaf and bud lie curled."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

April 2nd—In the forest in the shadows of great fir trees are blossoming the flowers of the wind, the dainty Anemones. There is a dear old Greek story of Anemos, the wind, sending these exquisite flowers to herald his coming in early Spring. So we children love to call them "Flowers of the Wind." They belong to the Buttercup family and are cousins of Meadow Rue, Marsh Marigold and Columbine.

"These little dream-flowers found in Spring."

April 3rd—Deep in the forest His Star Flowers are blossoming—only three or four inches above the carpet of fir needles are their dainty star blossoms borne on thread-like stems. Cousins of the Pimpernel and Cyclamen are they.

April 9th—"Yo-ho, Robin Hood and his fairies are in the wood." We children hurried away from our play to greet them today. Red-flowered Currant blossoms all along the twigs—why they are Robin Hood's merry little men. And few leaves are out before they are about—telling us of other fairies soon to come. O, keep ye watch for Robin Hood's little men on the twigs of the Red-flowered Currant.

April 12th—Hound's Tongue blossoms that were of a pinkish hue a few days ago, have now become blue. Why?—because they have been fertilized and they always turn blue after fertilization. It was in the early days of January when first we found the leaves of Hound's Tongue pushing their way up through the wood's carpet. Why its name?—look at the shape of its leaves.

April 21st—God's bells are ringing a call to prayer in the woods today—in the shadows of the woodland I found Mission Bell blooming by the pathway—all its beauty blending with the shadows round about. Bronze Bells and Rice-Root both describe it—flowers of various modest shades, all mottled and checkered over—roots like little pearls or tiny grains of rice. Fritillaria is the name the scientists know it by; but to wee children's hearts the name Mission Bell is most dear—God's little prayer flowers, calling us to think of Him and all His goodness.

"'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer."—Smith.

IN THE WOODS

"But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming;
The water murmur from a distant dell;
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming;
The far, faint tinkling tenor of a bell."

Deep in the woods I came upon a shy fairy knight—Sir Grouse—the drummer. Of him we learned this verse:

"Then it is the stately partridge
Spreads his ruff and mounts his rostrum,
Gazes proudly round the thicket,
Sounds his strange and muffled signal.
First with slow and heavy measure,
Then like eager, hurried heart-beats,
Ending in a nervous flutter
Faster than the ear can reckon."

Quietly I went through the woods, and, seeing Sir Grouse, I paused. Every year I love to watch for Grouse Babies—they are such darlings—and sometimes I have picked them up—and they seemed unafraid, looking up at me with their bright, soft eyes. I have fed them, and when they were grown up three of them still came at intervals to the end of an old log deep in the forest. Very much they liked different berries, insects and grasshoppers. I kept a special note-book of their ways and doings. It is their diary and is in another Fairyland book to follow this one.

"And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes."—Percival.

My dear little Great-Grandmother, who came from the far-away Southland, and who is my own dear Mamma's father's mother, to-day has been telling me about Cardinal bird, God's jewel ruby with wings, who sings and sings. When my Grandma was a little girl, a very little girl, the negro mammy would carry her about the plantation and tell her about the little folk of the field and woods. Often she saw Cardinal—and as she grew older she liked to go to the woodland and listen to the Cardinal. Grandma tells me lots about the plantation—about when she was a little girl there. 'Twas in a damp place in a thick tangle that she found the Cardinal cradle in April time. This fairy is a cousin of Goldfinch, Grosbeak, Song Sparrow, Crossbill and Indigo Bunting. His scientific name is *Cardinalis cardinalis*. My Grandma loves Cardinal—so do I.

"What are the voices of birds—
Ay, and of beasts,—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?"—Browning.



CARDINAL.
(*Cardinalis cardinalis*).
 $\frac{3}{8}$ Life-size.

JULIUS CAESAR NAPOLEON - MY PET SKUNK



IN THE WOODS

"O bird that somewhere yonder sings,
In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn,
Lone in the hush of sleeping things,
In some sky sanctuary withdrawn,
Voice of man's heart and of God's sky,
So in your liquid note impearled
Sings the long epic of the world.
And there is something the song saith
That makes me unafraid of death."

This day I went forth into the forest at the hour of sunrise. And within the forest I heard a sublime bell-like voice—'twas one of His Cathedral singers. Upward and onward the song of the little singer carried my soul; and nearer seemed the All-Wise Father as I stood in His forest Cathedral listening. He who in his singing lifts up the thoughts of the Children of Men to higher realms is this fairy, Audubon's Hermit Thrush. It seems only yesterday, but it is seven years since Uncle taught me this verse, which we children all love.

"Then in that solemn hour I hear
A hymn that comes so sweet and clear;
So pure a tone, it seems to be
A bit of heaven's minstrelsy."

In our wild flower garden in the woods there is now blooming another fairy who came from the land beyond the Rocky Mountains. His name is Jack-in-the-Pulpit—but he dwells not in our Cathedral, where first we planted him. He dwells not there now because we found him to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. Why, the majority of his congregation consist of Gnats and tiny Flies—and some of these do not escape from the pulpit. Really, one would not expect such a pious-looking creature, who is a cousin of the stately Calla Lily, to be capable of such cruelty. He is also a cousin of Skunk Cabbage.

April 8th—Where the Fern fairies dwell in the wood there the Bleeding Hearts are blooming today. We children learned this verse about them:

"In a gymnasium where things grow,
Jolly little boys and girls in a row,
Hanging down from cross-bar stem,
Bullded purposely for them;
Stout little legs up in the air
Kick at the breeze as it passes there;
Dizzy heads in collars wide,
Look at the world from the underside;
Happy acrobats a-swing,
At the woodside show in early spring."

IN THE WOODS

May 3rd—Coral Roots are in blossom—those members of the Orchid family, cousins of the fair Calypso and Lady Slippers, who have become back sliders—that is, they do not get their food in the way Mother Nature intended all honest plants to do; but they live upon the dead and decomposing forms of other plants and are therefore called saprophytes. For this reason they have no leaves. Their flowers are hard to describe with their mottlings of purple and brown. Do you know why they are called Coral Roots? Do you know any other saprophytes beside the Coral Roots?

May 12th—Here and there and yonder over the moss-carpeted floor of the woods, over the fir needle carpeted floor of the forest, they are blooming today—counted by many among the fairest and dearest of His forest blossoms. Calypso borealis, the scientists call them—and so do we. One leaf one blossom—the Master Artist's touch—and we have our Calypso fairies.

"There's not a flower but shows some touch,
In freckle, freck or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil."

May 13th—Another guest from the land beyond the hills came to live in our wildflower garden in the woods last fall—came all the way from Pennsylvania to live in our Oregon wildflower garden. And this Dutchman's Pipe, cousin of Wild Ginger, we think a very interesting member of that garden. He is blooming now, and such quaint flowers. Teddy, who came from Pennsylvania two years before the said Dutchman's Pipe, has grave forebodings. He says, says he: "Dutchman's Pipe is going to take a tumble from that pedestal you have all set him on in your minds—just you wait and see."

We waited and saw—waited and saw little flies with gauzy wings crawl into those flowers—crawl in; but not out again, for the tiny hairs at the entrance, which made their coming in more easy, made their going out more difficult—in fact, they did not come out at all.

"They can't get out! They can't get out! They'll never get out!" shouted Teddy. Then we came home—Dutchman's Pipe, leaning from the pedestal we had put him on in our minds—leaning; but he had not tumbled yet, because we are going back tomorrow.

Later—We came back again and again, until the blossoms withered one day and the little flies went away—went away from the blossom with pollen on them—went away to enter again some other Dutchman's Pipe blossom—went away after having fed upon the nectar in the blossom. And having seen for ourselves that Dutchman's Pipe had not injured his guests, but had simply used them to his own advantage, we were a bit puzzled as to where to place him in our estimation.

"I thought," said Teddy, but he didn't finish, for he had waited with us, had watched, and had seen, and now knew.



RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.
About Life-size.

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"My Pet Deer"



IN THE WOODS

May — It is raining and I am here in the woods. I am happy here in the tree :

“I hear the leaves drinking rain;
I hear the rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop by drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear,
These green leaves drinking near.”—Davis.

May 18th —Ocean Spray is blooming in the woods—Ocean Spray, with many tiny blossoms in panicles like unto plumes, cousin of the Strawberry, Rose and Bridal Wreath fairies.

May 22nd—High up in the top of a Fir a wee fairy was singing today of the beauty and gladness of May; then winging his way he did come to another Fir tree and carefully hunt over the twigs for his food. His name? Upon his head he wore a bit of red—Ruby-Crowned Kinglet is his name, cousin of other Kinglets and Gnatcatchers is he; and a bonnier fairy Knight it would be difficult to find, for busy and cheery is he.

“It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, O bird, awake and sing.”—Longfellow.

May 22nd—On the buds of the Dogwood I found four pale green eggs to-day. It was near this time and in just such a place that I found like eggs last year. And from these came caterpillars who fed upon the Dogwood flowers and tender leaves, and in time changed into chrysalids, from which came five weeks ago—Azure Butterflies, they who wear the Joyous Blue.

May—To-day while going softly through the woods I met someone else stepping carefully, too—'twas the Oven Builder, whose other name is Golden-crowned Thrush, he who is a cousin of many Warblers. Have you found his home—his wonderful home? When you do it will make him all the dearer unto you for nearer do we come to our little brothers of the air as we know their home-life. When I was just a very little girl Uncle taught me this verse, and I want you to learn it too.

“In the days of spring migrations, days when the warbler hosts move northward,
To the forests, to the leafbeds, comes the tiny oven builder,
Daintily the leaves he tiptoes, underneath them builds his oven,
Arched and paved with last year's oak leaves, roofed and walled against the raindrops.
Hour by hour his voice he raises, mingling with the red-eye's snatches,
Answering to the hermit's anthem; rising—falling, like a wind-breath;
Strange, ventriloquous his music, far away when close beside one;
Near at hand when seeming distant; weird—his plaintive accrescendo.
Teach us! Teach us! is his asking, uttered to the Omnipresent;
Teach us! Teach us! comes responsive from the solemn, listening forest.”

IN THE WOODS

“With every day some splendors strange!
With every hour some subtle change!
Of our plain world, how could we guess
Such miracles of loveliness?”

June 1st—Aurora is lingering this week on our Oregon mountains. Pink near and pink afar the Rhododendrons blossom now. We walk among them and feel as we linger with them that the Master Artist has just passed this way and has given through these fairy flowers a message for each new day, a thought for many happy hours.

June 3rd—In the woods met I today the fairy Eurymedon. And how was he dressed? In cream and black, with touches of blue and orange. And how did he travel? On wings, four wings, covered with scales, arranged in beautiful patterns. And where did he come from? From a tiny egg on a leaf of Cascara Sagrada. Then he grew, yes, he grew and he grew from a tiny caterpillar to a big one, as he ate and he ate and he ate of the leaves of the Cascara Sagrada. And then? Then he changed into a chrysalis, and inside this fairy cradle went on changing; and one day came out a fairy with wings Eurymedon of the Genus Papilio of the family of Hesperidae—Eurymedon, a Swallowtail Butterfly.

June 5th—Among the Saxifraga fairies on the mountain side at the edge of the great forest I found the Parnassian Butterflies, they whose upper wing edges are transparent. When a small child as I wandered among these fairies on the mountain side I loved to think as I watched them that the Spirit of Winter and the Spirit of Spring to the Children of Men a thought of their friendship to bring, together had made, and had given to the world, this fair wonderful thing with the snow, and the ice, and faint colors of fair blossoms upon its wing—just that its existence might ever and eternally in silence sing, year after year, of a friendship so dear between the Spirits of Winter and Spring.

June 6th—It is in blossom—this exquisite fairy of the woods, American Barrenwort—cousin of Oregon Grape, Barberry, Twin-leaf and May Apple. We children like to call it by its other name, Vancouveria—this name having been given to it in memory of the English Navigator, Captain Vancouver. We like the sound of the name, and we truly think that, if Captain Vancouver were here his heart could not help but be glad that such a dear plant had been named for him.

June 9th—In the woods among the mosses I met twin fairies today where blooms the Northern Twin Flower, cousin of Snowberry, Arrow-wood and Honeysuckle. These twin fairy flowers were named Linnaea for Linnaeus, the father of Botany.

“Beneath dim aisles in odorous beds,
The slight Linnaea hangs its twin-born heads.”







Lady's Slipper











Jack-in-the-Pulpit

IN THE WOODS

"Where the copse wood is the greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
There the Lady Fern grows strongest."

—Sir Walter Scott.

June 9th—Yesterday it rained and the day before. And to-day in the woods I found many beautiful Morels, they whose scientific name is *Morchella deliciosa*, they who belong to the family Helvellaceae.

"A turn, and we stand in the heart of things;
The woods are 'round us heaped and dim."—Robert Browning.

June 16th—Dogwood fairies are blooming, they who are the cousins of Red Osier and Bunch Berry; and the fairest of them all is Our Sentinel Tree standing forty feet tall.

Through the forest's darkening emerald,
In the murky, pungent gloom,
Shines a cloud of wondrous whiteness,
Where He sets the dogwood bloom."—Gene Stratton Porter.

There's a home in the top of a pine tree in the woods—a home we children most sincerely wish was not there. In it are three baby Sharp-Shinned Hawks. And Father and Mother Sharp-Shinned Hawk are noted for killing small Song Bird fairies, as well as others. Somebody said of Sharp-Shinned Hawk: "He is the boldest fellow for his inches that wears feathers." His scientific name is *Accipiter velox*.

"Swallows over the water, Warblers over the land,
Silvery, tinkling ripples along the pebbly strand;
Afar in the upper ether the eagle floats at rest,
No wind now frets the forest; 'tis Nature at her best."—Abbot.

May-Apple is blooming in our wild flower garden in the woods. Yes, she is another fairy from beyond the hills. She came from Minnesota—and of course we children are glad to have her here. Her scientific name is *Podophyllum peltatum*—and she is a cousin of Twin-leaf, Barrenwort and our Oregon Grape. We learned this verse about her.

"And will any poet sing of a lusher, richer thing
Than a ripe May apple, rolled like a purple lump of gold
Under thumb and finger tips, and poured moulten through the lips?"—Riley.

June 26th—O, a beautiful fairy I met today in the mountains. White and coral-like was this fungus, whose name is Coral Hydnum, and whose scientific name is *Hydnum coralloides*. Truly Mother Nature makes also very beautiful her flowerless plants.

IN THE WOODS

July 3rd—In the forest another cousin of Orchid, Calypso and Lady Slipper is blooming—'tis the Rattlesnake Plantain. Do you know why it is so named? Look to its leaves for the answer.

July 5th—We have been to the hollow to get Salmon Berries for two bird nurseries, and only a part of those berries reached the nurseries, for Salmon Berries do taste so good. Have you watched for the blossoms, that look much like little white Roses?—they are cousins of the Rose.

July 9th—We have been out in the woods gathering wild Blackberries today. Wild Blackberries taste so good, only it doesn't do to taste them too much while one is trying to fill one's bucket, because it just won't fill. One has, instead, to think of how good they will taste next winter. Then each day after I pick the berries for Mother and Grandmother, I pick others to sell to earn Nature books to find out the names of things. Sometimes it's awful hot, but the wood folk are all friendly and I'm eager for the books and that helps me to forget how hot it is. O, and Blackberries are cousins of the lovely Rose fairies.

“And Oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.”

And Oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing in the air,
The love in all, the good in all,
The God in all that is.—Joaquin Miller.

July 10th—Deep in the heart of the forest under Monarch Firs are blossoming those exquisite fairy one-flowered Wintergreens, cousins of Rhododendron, Manzanita and Salal.

“Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats?”

July 17th—Do you ever get puzzled about things? I've been wondering for over three years about Indian Pipe, who grows in the woods—wondering why these fairies have no leaves, no green coloring matter like honest plants who get their food from the soil. But that is just where the trouble lies with Indian Pipes—they do not get their food honestly; but prey upon the juices of decaying plants or living ones. So Mother Nature has taken away from them when they obeyed not her laws. They hang their heads until seeds begin to form and then they raise their heads. Did you know that these white Indian Pipe fairies are relatives of the Rhododendron and the Laurel fairies? They all belong to the Heath family.

IN THE WOODS

July 15th—I went for a Nature walk today—into the woods. Along the way I heard the earth things talking. I saw a Chipmunk on a stump—ten other Chipmunks farther on. I saw tall ferns in the swamp in the woods—ferns taller than I. A family of Chick-a-dees were up and down and up around the limbs of an old tree looking for insects. Seven long-horned Beetles I saw—and heard a Wood-Frog. There was a sleepy Owl on a tree. And many flowers, who early had been in blossom, were now cradling Baby Seeds. Frail waxy blossoms of One-flowered Wintergreen were here and yonder under tall trees. The forest brook went singing on.

To-day I saw a Weasel glide into a burrow, which used to belong to a Ground-Squirrel. Now Weasel is one of the fairies I do not have a friendly feeling for in my heart. He is such a killer—why, it seems that he always is killing some other folks—just like a wicked giant in the old fairy-stories. Now Weasel is no giant. He is from thirteen to fifteen inches long—which is no great length after all. His ways are ways of evilness—surely he will reap as he has sown.

One day Fleet-foot (my pet White-footed Mouse) and I were strolling through the woods. We were going softly—Fleet-foot had scampered out of my pocket and was leaping ahead a bit when along came a Weasel. My dear Fleet-foot is no more.

Now the scientific name of a Weasel is *Putorius*—I'm not interested in giving Weasel's individual names because I do not think they are deserving of that courtesy. Of course there are certain names very appropriate—I called after the one who took my Fleet-foot, "You are a Nero." He was gone so quickly I'm sure that he did not even get the first word.

A wind arose and rushed upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it, follow, follow, thou shalt win."—Tennyson.

July 28th—Saw a Rubber Boa in the woods to-day while picking black-berries. Saw him eat a little mouse, too. Who is Rubber Boa? He is a snake. Not a big one—why he wasn't more than a foot and two inches. His tail was so stubby that it was blunt. Instead of being thin as most snakes are he was thick and looked like a piece of rubber. Some folks call him a double-headed snake but that is just because his tail is so blunt. He is really a very interesting creature, shy and gentle. Watch for him.

July 29th—Have you tasted Salal Berries—those dark purple berries on Salal Shrubs that carpet the forest floor in some places? We were on a long tramp in the woods today, and those berries tasted so good. Even Pliny and Cicero, the two pet squirrels, like them. It's flowers look much like Manzanita, Rhododendron, Wintergreen and Indian Pipe.

ACHILLES O' THE WOODS

In the woods is a Raccoon—and this Raccoon's name is Achilles. Achilles and I are good friends. You see it is this way—I knew Achilles when he was a youngster. Like many others of his tribe, he was interested in pieces of shining tin—and even as some of his relatives he met his fate in a trap baited with a piece of shining tin. It so happened that some hours later I was passing by. After much difficulty with the trap and with Baby Raccoon both arrived at the hospital. At first Raccoon Junior refused to be on friendly terms—then as his leg healed he became very gentle and more likable. Achilles was his name—and with him this name staid when, having recovered from his injuries, he followed me about in the woods. We were great chums—but sometimes I was spanked for Achilles' pranks. He was, like most all of my pets, forbidden the premises of the yard—as, of course, was best. But sometimes he, like they, would come in with me from the woods. There was that day when I went into the pantry to get a sandwich—and, the butter being in the refrigerator, I opened the door, took it out, and forgot to shut the door. I went upstairs (just for a moment), then as I started out-of-doors again I stopped to close the refrigerator door. I called Achilles, but he did not come, so I started across the yard to the brook that flows through the garden. And if there wasn't Achilles—and he was very busy washing something. When I saw what it was my heart went pit-a-pat—and then it beat lower—for Achilles was engaged in washing that lovely steak Mother had placed in the refrigerator for supper, for Uncle was coming, and this his first evening since home from Alaska, and this his favorite steak—and there was simply no way of getting any more from town until to-morrow noon. But even though I felt the shadows of the hour ahead, the next ten minutes were very exciting as Achilles soused that steak about. And the next ten minutes were exciting in a different way, for Mamma also saw Achilles doing a stunt with that which had been only a few minutes previously a choice steak in the refrigerator. Mother even had me go cut the switch I was to be whipped with. Then when Achilles had been taken back to the woods and I had received the whipping the pathos came in having to be sent to bed when Uncle was there. But my! there was a silver lining in the cloud after all, because when supper was over Uncle came in and told me about a pet Raccoon he had when he was a boy—and thus helped me to forget about not liking to be sent to bed. (Of course I deserved the spanking for leaving the door open—which wouldn't have happened if I hadn't have gotten the sandwich which I wasn't to—but it's hard for little girls to wait as long as grown-ups, especially when you are out tramping in the woods, and don't arrive home at dinner time when you are supposed to). O—and Uncle told me that the last part of Raccoon's scientific name, *Procyon lotor*, refers to Achilles' habit of washing meat. Uncle, when he was a little boy, was also sent to bed for giving his pet Raccoon corn in milk.





MOUNTAIN PARTRIDGE.
(*Oreortyx pictus*).
♂ Life-size.

IN THE WOODS

"The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong."

July—Saw eleven baby Mountain Quail to-day. Those we saw two weeks ago were just dear little brown striped fluffy young balls—but these today were well-feathered out.

So away! for the hunt in the fern-scented woods,
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods,
For the hunter who has no gun.

I've just come back from the woods where I was talking with Maurine, who is a dear Deer friend of mine. I first knew her when she was a fawn—and now we thread our way through thickets and over old logs in the forest. Sometimes Maurine stops when we come to a bit of an open place. And there she rests for a moment and there rest I too. This is a snapshot I took of her resting. I was there too—but being as I was taking the picture I couldn't be in it, too. To-day I was telling Maurine about some of her relatives—'tis so nice to know whom one is related to. The ones I told her about were: White-tailed Deer, whose scientific name is *Odocoileus*; Banner-tailed Deer, whose scientific name is *Odocoileus virginianus macrourus*; Fan-tailed Deer, whose scientific name is *Odocoileus texensis*; Mule Deer (so called because of their big ears), whose scientific name is *Odocoileus hemionus* and who is also called Black-tailed deer; and Columbian Black-tailed Deer, whose other name is *Odocoileus columbianus*. Deer fairies belong to the family Cervidae, to which also belong Elk, whose scientific name is *Cervus canadensis*; Moose, whose scientific name is *Alces americanus*; and Woodland Caribou, whose scientific name is *Rangifer caribou*. And these are they, the near and distant relatives of my chum Maurine—these are they whom I told her of this afternoon.

"The day is done, and slowly from the scene,
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts
And puts them back into his golden quiver."

There's a dear little Beastie in the woods—a black and white Beastie—and this little Beastie and I, we are friends. First I knew him when he was a baby. Then I fed him Beetle grubs—now he often comes in evening time to the old tree-root where I also come with grubs of Beetles. Now this little Beastie's scientific name is *Mephitis*—his common name is Skunk—and his individual name is Julius Caesar Napoleon.

IN THE WOODS

There's many a wee Birdie to be seen in the woods when one sits very still—and listens—and watches. There are: those dear little Winter Wrens, whose other name is *Olbiorchilus hiemalis*; and the darling feather-balls, Bush-tits, whose other names are *Psaltriparus minimus*; and Chick-a-dee, whose other name is *Parus atricapillus*; and Nuthatch, who is just as likely to be upside down as right side up, he whose scientific name is *Sitta pygmaea*, and the many dainty Warblers of the family *Mnioliltidae*.

"Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emilie."—Chaucer.

I started to take salt to the pet Deer in the woods to-day—but I didn't because I met Michael Angelo on the way. Big Dan, one of the timber-fallers, calls Michael Angelo, "Quill Pig." Now, Michael Angelo's scientific name is *Erethizon*—and his common name is Porcupine. Now, Michael Angelo is very fond of salt—that is why I did not reach the pet Deer with the salt. When I saw Michael A. coming I climbed a tree. Now, although Michael A. goes lumbering over the ground, he is an adept at reaching a place in a tree that I flee to when I am carrying salt. I crept out farther on the limb—Michael Angelo did the same. The limb was too high for me to drop from to the ground—so I just dropped half of the salt to the ground—and Michael Angelo scooted down. Then I carefully prepared to take the other half to the Deer; but when I reached the ground Michael Angelo was solemnly waiting for the rest of that salt. There was nothing left for me to do but to give it unto his lordship. I just half-way believe Big Dan was right about Michael Angelo being a "Quill Pig"—especially about salt. Why, if I do not give the salt over to him at once he affectionately rubs up against me—and his quills are prickly.

"Gentleness succeeds better than violence."—La Fontaine.

—O, those exquisite fairies, the Coral Fungi, of the family *Clavariaceae*. Some are yellow, some are violet, some are pink, and some are white. And these were cuddled in among the mosses—those I saw today were yellow ones. Yesterday I saw white ones. Dear little flowerless fairies are these.

September—Sometimes Jackenapes is a puzzle. You see, it is this way, Jackenapes is a Squirrel—and he is here, there, yonder and most everywhere.

"Just a tawny glimmer, a flash of red and gray,
Was it a flitting shadow, or a sunbeam gone astray?
It glances up a tree trunk, and a pair of bright eyes glow
Where a little spy in ambush is measuring his foe.
I hear a mocking chuckle; then wrathful, he grows bold—
And stays his pressing business to scold and scold and scold."



SNOWY OWL.
(*Nyctea nyctea*).
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Life-size.



CHUMS

BOY - A CHIPMUNK - AND SOME MORE CHIPMUNKS

CHIPMUNK O' THE WOODS

Sept. 28th—Pandora has not been on good behavior today. She is just as full of mischief as it is possible for a Chipmunk to be. You would naturally think that she would be clear tired out after such a strenuous day. Why—she has been on a nature walk early this morning before any of the rest of the family were up, then afterwards with me to feed the chickens, and to take the cows to pasture. I rode Lily, the Jersey cow, and Pandora scampered over her neck from top of head to shoulder blades and back again, and then, all over again, until Lily just stood still and simply would not move a foot forward until I had placed Pandora in my apron pocket and made her stay there. (Down in my heart I had a streak of sympathy for her having to be kept in the pocket, because it is somewhat like Mother having to put me in the dark closet for climbing trees.) Then after we came home, while I was helping Mother darn stockings, she made herself at home in Mother's work basket and scattered the spools of thread everywhere Jimmy, who knows heaps about football, when he saw Pandora landing those balls of darning cotton, said, "She sure does make a touchdown every time." Mother had to send her from the room. And I went, too, taking the last pair of stockings with me to the woods. (The stockings did not get darned, because Pandora and I were so busy climbing trees and talking to the other Chipmunks.) When we arrived home there was company for dinner and Mother had nut salad. And what did Pandora do when we were out of the room, but climb upon the table and sample three dishes of salad (She took big samples, too, just like I wanted to long time ago before that birthday that made me four years old—of course, I've wanted to since that, but having absorbed Mother's training helps one to resist temptation.) Pandora simply does not absorb her training. . . . I've been trying three months to train her up in the way that she should go. But there she sat in the center of Auntie's particular friend's dish of salad—he does not care for dressing on his salad and Pandora evidently has the same taste, for there was not much left of that particular dish of salad. And I was 'most afraid that there would not be much left of Pandora when auntie boxed her ears so, but she was soon on mischief bent again, when she found the place in the pantry where the nuts were cracked for something tomorrow. And when I tried to find Pandora of course I found the nuts, too—and I was hungry, too—and now I'm here in bed, where auntie says naughty girls should be who won't let alone nuts that are on the pantry shelf for something tomorrow. . . . Daddy just brought Pandora in—she has been playing around his chair and ran up to his shoulder and jumped down on the book he was reading (just like she does when I am reading sometimes). And after all this long day, she is still bubbling over with joy, and so am I, even when I get sent to bed when I am not sleepy, for there are so many glad things to think about the fairies around about us.

IN THE WOODS

"The forest is my loyal friend; like God, it useth me."—Emerson.

I've been talking with one of my Oak Tree chums today—Charlemagne, whom I have loved since I was a little girl and with whom I have shared many of my secrets. To-day I was talking to him about other Oaks of the family Fagaceae—White Oak of the East, *Quercus alba*; White Oak of California, *Quercus lobata*; Iron Oak, *Quercus minor*; White Oak of the swamps, *Quercus platanoides*; Live Oak of California, *Quercus agrifolia*; Spanish Oak of the swamps, *Quercus palustris*; Red Oak, *Quercus rubra*; Black Oak, *Quercus velutina*; Water Oak, *Quercus nigra*; Laurel Oak, *Quercus laurifolia*; and Willow Oak, *Quercus Phellos*. Afterwards I told him of the Druids—and last of all of the poet writing:

"What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade, is his!
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;
How his leaves outshine full summer's bliss!
Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring."—Lowell.

September 5th—On the stumps of trees in the woods to-day we saw many Oyster Mushrooms, they of the family Agaricaceae, they whose scientific name is *Pleurotus ostreatus*.

October 12th—Saw a Mink in the woods today, and then as quickly it was gone. I saw him running and quickly he disappeared among the fallen leaves.

A fondness for apples Maurine has, but her fondness for apples sometimes gets me into trouble. To-day she helped herself to five apples Mother had placed on the table for the Deacon to take home with him. They were beauties and she made a dainty meal of them—for which I received a spanking.

"The ballad singers and the troubadours,
The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul."—Longfellow.

Many *Boletus* fairies saw I in the woods today—these Mushroom fairies belong to the family *Boletaceae*.

I've been feeding rose-berries to three dear little White-footed Mice in the woods.

November 29th—"Oh, see those little snowballs Mother Nature's put on little twigs," was what Marcia said when first we saw the Snow Berry fairies in the woods today. Many flowers that were now are not; but Mother Nature has helped to make the woodland more beautiful these late November days with Snow Berries—cousins of Elder, Twin Flower and Honeysuckle.



BOHEMIAN WAXWING.
(*Ampelis garrulus*).
About Life-size.

IN THE WOODS

December 9th—Nuthatches, who likes to watch them? “I, I, I!” so away we hurried to the woods. And there we saw the Nuthatches, hunting upside-down on the tree limbs. Other names they have—Tree Mouse, Devil Drum-head; and *Sitta* is their scientific name. Their cousins are Chick-a-dees, Bushtits, Verdins and Titmice. We learned this verse about the Nuthatches:

“Shrewd little hunter of woods all gray,
Whom I meet on my walk of a winter day—
You’re busy inspecting each cranny and hole
In the ragged bank of yon hickory bole;
You intent on your task, and I on the law
Of your wonderful head and gymnastic claw!
The woodpecker well may despair of this feat—
Only the fly with you can compete!
So much is clear, but I fain would know
How you can so reckless and fearless go,
Head upward, head downward, all one to you,
Zenith and nadir the same in your view.”—Edith M. Thomas.

“The Wandering Fairy” they call him, Bohemian Waxwing, he who is noted for his grace and gentle ways. Of Cedar and Juniper berries he is fond. They saw Bohemian Waxwing fairies dwell also in Europe and Asia. We children know that we are very glad when they come into our woods

December 23rd—My dog and I are at outs today. You see it was this way. I dug up his chicken bones that he buried yesterday and took them to some Wood Folks for Christmas. Among those who shared them were two little Wood Mice who took very dainty nibbles. It was Jesus who said that what belonged to Caesar should be rendered unto him, and I guess Mother interprets it that what belongs to Rover should be rendered unto him, only she put it in different words—“Leave Rover’s bones alone!” And the meaning of it all was enforced more strongly upon my mind by means of a hair brush out in the wood shed. Anyway Rover, he has lots more bones—and the Wood Mice did so much like to nibble at the least ones. Wood Mice are such darling fairies. Their scientific name is *Peromyscus canadensis*.

December 29th—In the woods today I saw him—saw the Winter Wren—little wren with tail in air—littlest of all the wrens, wilder than all others—shy and quickly out of sight. Long I sat by the old stump, and still I waited. Then I heard his song—and forgot almost everything else. And you, when after waiting long, perhaps may hear the song—will understand.

“In every wooded valley the birds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things no languor knew.”—Bliss Carmen.

IN THE WOODS

January 4th—Many leaves that were green in the woods last summer are now brown and gray; but among those are not the leaves of Prince's Pine, which are yet green—Chimaphila is its scientific name, which means a lover of winter, and it is well named. When we found them in blossom their little heads were often bowed and little Harold would say, "Hush, the Prince's Pine fairies are praying."

"I know where wild things lurk and linger,
In groves as gray and grand as Time;
I know where God has written poems
Too strong for words or rhyme."—Thompson.

January 8th—'Tis a wonderful day I have had with the Incense Cedar trees. Pandora, the pet Chipmunk, went with me this morning to the woods on the side of the hill. Then I went to Raphael, my chum among the Incense Cedar Trees. He stands so great and tall; and last year when Uncle Henry saw him he said that he was several hundred years old—and one of the finest he had ever seen, even among the wonderful ones in the Southern Hemisphere. I climbed Raphael a hundred feet up, and then nestled down on a limb to think things over. (When one is puzzled about things 'tis a great help to have tree friends to go to and from their sheltering arms look out upon God's big world and think things over.) It is winter now; but the Incense Cedar Trees are fringed with golden staminate blossoms. The pistillate or mother flowers are pale green. Their cousins are Sequoia, Spruce, Pine, Fir and Larch trees.

January 19th—In the woods today was someone I had never seen before. There he was looking so solemn, sitting on the broken part of a tree. I climbed another tree just over the way, and sat there solemn, too—watching him. I'm sure he came from the north—from the far north. His clothes would make one think so. I think that he is one of the Snowy Owls which Uncle told me about when he came back from the far northland. I wanted to say, "How-do-you-do, Snowy Owl," but most likely he would do just what I didn't want him to. I just waited and the longer I waited the more solemn I felt, with him looking so solemn. Pretty soon I began to get hungry (I remembered that Uncle said he ate meadow-mice, rats and sometimes muskrats—Snowy Owl, not Uncle). By and by I even forgot I was hungry. I felt just like I was turning into a piece of wood, a piece of wood like the Fir tree I was on. This was such a mysterious fairy, and him looking so solemn that way made me feel he was a mystery and I was a mystery, and everything around us was mysterious, but just then Father came through the woods calling me—and when I tried to lean over to some way give him a signal to keep quiet, I slipped and started head-first down that tree, and at once the mysterious stranger went rapidly away in another direction.

IN THE WOODS

January 18th—Dear little fairies I watched in the woods today—fairies who have come a long way. Never have I seen them in summer—only in the winter; and rarely then. Last year at their coming we placed in the woods here for them on a tree a lunch counter. They came not unto this on the first day; but upon the third day we had the joy of seeing them eating the Alder seeds. Other seeds they liked, too. We love this verse about Redpolls:

“In the birches, on the grasses,
Stiffly rising through the snow crust,
On the slope of yonder sand-bank,
Where the snow has slipped and wasted,
Rest a flock of trustful strangers,
Lisping words of gentle greeting,
Rest and find the sun’s rays warming,
Rest and find their food abundant,
Resting sing of weary journeys
From a Northland, cold and distant.
Rose-touched are their brows with tints like
Lights upon a winter’s snow field,
Rosy are their caps as morning,
When the storm clouds gather eastward;
Happy are their hearts and voices,
Happy are the fields and forests,
When their merry notes come jingling,
Sleighbell like, from upper ether.”

I’ve been exploring to-day—just looking about for the cradles of fairies, the cradles that were homes in the Spring. I went again to the hollow tree where the Screech Owl babies were hatched—and then to the tree where the Pileated Woodpecker babies were raised. (I had to climb over thirty-seven and a half feet up to this cradle in the first tree.) Then, too, I saw a Woodrat cradle which I’m sure was still occupied. It was a heap of sticks in the brush—and while I sat waiting I saw his lordship among the sticks. Truly he looks like an enlarged edition of dear little Wood Mouse. On my journey I came again to the home of the Chick-a-dees where a set of triplets and two sets of twins were raised this last year. On a little farther was the nest of a Wood Warbler. Too, I found the cradles of three Moths—three cradles made by three beautiful green caterpillars who came from eggs laid by Polyphemus Moths. I came past the log under which Mother Grouse nested in May, and went on to the old Maple tree in which the Flying Squirrels were sleeping. I climbed up and put their nuts in the cubby-hole. I meant to be very quiet; but out came Romeo, and Juliet poked her nose up. I had not placed all of the nuts in their cubby hole so they ate the ones that were left in my pocket. It was dark time, so I came home—and there were mashed potatoes for supper.

IN THE WOODS

“Mosses and lichens, children of lowly birth,
Humblest creatures of the wood, to your peaceful brotherhood
Sweet the promise that was given, like the dew from heaven;
Blessed are the meek, they shall inherit the earth,
Thus are the words fulfilled: over all the earth
Mosses find a home secure on the desolate mountain crest,
Avalanche-plowed and tempest-tilled, the sweet mosses rest;
On shadowy banks of streamlets pure, kissed by the cataract's spray,
For the bird's swift foot a small highway, for the many and one distressed,
Little sermons of peace.”

Now is the time to seek for many Lichens and Mosses before the coming of the flowering plants.

January 28th—Synthyris is blooming in the woods. Pearl and I call them the Bluebells, which belong to January. We transplanted four plants for Grandmother last week. Synthyris belongs to the Figwort family; but blooms some time before its cousins—Mullein, Monkey Flower, Foxglove and Indian Paint Brush.

February 5th—In the mountains with my Fir Friends—many are they, many and dear—Silver Fir, Lovely Fir, Balsam Fir, White Fir, Noble Fir and Shasta Fir. Green in summer, green in winter, clothed in glory the whole year round. Some say that Fir trees are somber; but surely they have not known the joy of their companionship that comes when one walks among them and the peace and the goodness of God's great world enters into one's heart. Today soft shadows lay upon them, and towards evening they were tinged with blue and purple. Many and different are these forest pictures, which the Master Artist, with various shades and changing shadows is ever giving; and though we wander far, the memories of these lead us back to find there again peace and strength within the forest. The message of the Firs is this—that we take the joy and strength we find among them to our fellowmen, sharing the Forest's blessing with them.

There are thoughts that come from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

February 7th—They are blooming in a swamp in the woods. We smelled them afar off before we came near unto them—those Skunk Cabbages, cousins of the queenly Calla Lily. When we reached the flowers small Gnats and Flies were there before us; seemingly attracted by the unpleasant odor of the plant. Skunk Cabbages serve these little Flies by supplying food unto them and are in turn served by the little flies as they aid in fertilization by carrying pollen from one plant to another.

IN THE WOODS

“West Wind, O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie, cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o’er the dreaming earth.”—Shelley.

“Sure, afther all the winther,
An’ afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to see the sunshine,
'Tis fine to feel its glow;
'Tis fine to see the buds break
On boughs that bare have been—
But best of all to Irish eyes,
'Tis grand to see the green.”—McCarthy.

“Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.”—Milton.

Little Grandmother has been telling me about Miskodeed who dwells in the land beyond the hills. And she took from an old chest a letter that was half as old as the chest—and in that letter were the fragments of Miskodeeds sent her by dear Grandfather when she was in her teens—and that was seventy years ago. Then they loved these flowers of springtime—and now they tell me about them. Sometimes we sit in the twilight hour together, Grandfather, Grandmother and I—and talk of God’s flowers—and his cathedral singers. Too, we have dear little Spring Beauty’s here in our Oregon and I have transplanted them to a corner of Little Grandmother’s garden where one by one they bloom—

“Each affluent petal oustretched and uncurled
To the glory and goodness and shine of the world.”

“Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of springtime,
Saw the beauty of the springtime,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.”

Our Wild Flower Garden in which dwell the members of the Orchid family is in the forest. To this place we have transplanted flowers from our own Oregon woods and flowers from the land beyond the hills. They of the Orchid family who dwell in this garden are: Ladies’ Slippers (pink and yellow ones), Ladies’ Tresses, Rattlesnake Plantains, Coral Roots, Calypso and Twayblades.

“Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi’ flowers.”—Robert Burns.

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know—four ways in which a Moth fairy differs from a Butterfly fairy?—How a Toad takes a drink?—Ten cousins of Daisy fairies?—How many pairs of legs a full-grown insect has?—What Mother and Father Robin give Baby Robins for breakfast, dinner, and supper? — What the four stages in a Butterfly's life are? Who two of Bluebird's cousins are? Who seven of Blackberry's cousins are? What kind of a cradle Mother Oriole builds for Baby Orioles? Where Mother Nighthawk lays her eggs? How Crossbill's bill being crossed is of an advantage to him? Why Nighthawks have such large mouths? What Toad and Frog do with their skins when they change them? Who three of the earliest Spring flowers near your home are? What Hummingbird fairies eat beside honey from the flowers? Where Mother Monarch Butterfly lays her eggs? Where Dragon Flies dwell before they grow up and have wings? Who are the Ants' Cows? Ten blue flowers? Five cousins of Sweet Pea? The legend of the Forget-me-not? What a Baby Caterpillar, who is going to be a Monarch Butterfly when he becomes grown up, first eats when he comes out of the egg shell? Who Leaf-miners are? What makes pop-balls? What color of flowers Hummingbird seems to like best? What two flowerless plants dwelling together form Lichen fairies? How a Spider differs from an insect? Thirty Wayside Fairies? Six different things a Toad feeds upon? What Muskrats like to eat? What time of the year Goldfinches nest? Where Cowbirds lay their eggs? What time of day the caterpillars of Silver Spot Butterflies feed? And what they feed upon? What time is Daytime for Flying Squirrels? Four fairies who tell us their names in their call notes? What the Swallows build their nests of? What time of year the Screech Owls nest? Six cousins of Buttercup? Five red flowers? Ten birds that are found about water? Three birds who will build in Bird Houses? Where Mother Chinook Salmon goes to lay her eggs? Where Mother Eel goes to lay her eggs? Six members of the Mint family? Four Birds who nest in the field? Eight birds who nest in the woods? Why Sulphur Butterflies hover about clover? What the Greek poet of long ago wrote about the Grasshopper? Robert Browning's verse about the Violet fairies? How Lupine fairies go to sleep? How Baby Milkweed seeds travel? About the cradle Father Stickleback Fish makes for the eggs in which are the Baby Sticklebacks to be? Two beautiful stories of the Water Lily's cousin, Lotus? Who calls "O-k-lee"? What Water Strider's scientific name is? Five Duck fairies? What pest Dragon Flies feed upon in the water and after they leave the water? What makes "frog spit"? What Mink feeds upon? Why Indian Pipe has no coloring matter? What takes place before the pink blossoms of Hound's Tongue turn blue? Five Evergreen trees? Four Bird fairies who come from the far North to stay during the whole of or a part of the winter? Who is the Bird fairy of Happiness? Who

DO YOU KNOW?

is the Bird fairy of Cheer? Fifteen yellow fairies? Six bird fairies who wear the Joyous Blue? Six different kinds of flowerless plants? Whether Fern babies are Spore babies or Seed babies? What hatches from a Butterfly's egg? What hatches from a Spider's egg? What family Bob-o'-link belongs to? How Toad eggs differ from Frog eggs? What three of Mother Nature's instrumental musicians are? What fairy with a yellow throat wears a mask? Who mocks somebody else's song? Where to find Snail eggs? Fifteen plants who dwell near the water? What family Indian Pipe belongs to? Who are the Flowers of the Wind? How Mother Bat cares for Baby Bats? Who is the fairy Eurymedon? Who the Northern Twin-flowers were named for? What do Water Snakes feed upon? If Beetles are insects? If Water Snakes hatch from eggs? Fifteen Tree fairies who shed their leaves? What Tree fairies dwell near water? How Cat-tail fairy babies travel? What Tree fairies have nuts? What Tree fairies have berries? Who are the Tree fairies who cradle their babies in nuts? What Tree fairies have pods? What Tree fairies have cones? What Birds eat grasshoppers? Who the Bird fairies are that nest upon the ground? What a Butterfly cradle is called? What kind of a home a Muskrat has? Where Baby Billy Owls are cradled? Who the drummer is who drums with his bill? Why the Whip-poor-will has scarcely no beak at all? Why the Heron's legs are long? What the call notes are of Cat-bird, Towhee, Chick-a-dee, Bob White, Wood Pewee and Bob-o'-link? Why the eggs of Woodpeckers and Owls are white instead of being speckled and splotched as are the eggs of many other birds? What is the difference in shape between the hind wings of Swallowtail and other Butterflies? Why the English Sparrow is not a desirable fairy? What fairy makes a cradle of the petals of the Everlasting flower? What fairy is fond of nettle for breakfast, dinner and supper? What the fuzzy black and brown Woolly Bear Caterpillar becomes when he grows up? Why the mates of bright colored birds are nearly always plain colored? How the clothing of Baby Birds in nests in trees differ from that of Baby Birds hatched on the ground? Twenty-nine fairy babies who have coats of feathers? What musician drums with his wings? Five flower fairies who dwell deep within the woods? Who the fairies are who build dams? How Kingfisher's way of catching fish differs from that of Osprey? Why Hummingbird, Swift and Swallow fairies have tiny legs and feet instead of long legs and strong feet, like Great Blue Heron, Egret and Black-Necked Stilt? Of other fairies having legs and feet straightly developed or frail, according with their methods of getting food? What Sunshine Fairy likes the seeds of Sunflower? Who five cousins of Olive Tree are who dwell near water? Who the first paper-makers were? Ten members of the Fringilidae family? Where a Snail's eyes are? Where Alfalfa came from? A fairy who builds an apartment house?

NURSERY AND HOSPITAL NOTES

There are in the hospital this week nine Tadpoles who lost their tails last week. Some of my Water Beetles and larvae who are to be (that is, when they grow up), Dragon Flies and Caddis Flies nipped the tails off of some of my Tadpoles who are to be (when they grow up) Frogs. Now, these same Tadpoles are in the hospital growing new tails.

Today the Aster room is all abloom with fairy wings—'tis all a-brown with Pearl-Crecent Butterflies, for many of those mottled, grayish-white fairy cradles have given up their treasures. And, O, I am so happy, for I've watched over them so carefully since the time when from those small light greenish-yellow eggs, the tiny babies came, who some day were to be—and that day having now come, are Pearl-Crescent Butterflies. They were such wiggling bits of humanity when first they came out of those eggs. Their appetites were so enormous that many trips it took to gather fresh Aster leaves for them—and so I decided that when the time came 'round again for another generation of Silver Crescents that I would have an Aster room, and so I have—just a bit of God's garden wild, with more Asters planted in it and screened in with screens earned by picking wild Blackberries. Each Pearl-Crescent seems all a-joy—and there is no gloom in our Aster room, for we are all as happy as can be. And I've just been telling the Pearl Crescent fairies about their butterfly cousins, Ismeria, Vesta, Chaon, Orseis, Comillus and the Meadow Crescent-spot."

August 12th—A wonderful thing happened in our hospital to-day. Last week I found a large Garter Snake with her tail partly washed, so I brought her to our hospital and placed her in a screened-in ward all to herself, and she has been feasting on earthworms. Now this is the wonderful thing that has happened—when we went out to the hospital this afternoon we found lots of baby Garter Snakes with that Snake. There are twenty-nine baby Garter Snakes. My—we are just having the most exciting time naming them. Bobbie brought the Bible out—and already we have named four after four of Jacob's twelve sons. (We did not think it best to use all twelve of his sons' names for we have four more Lizards, two Grasshoppers and five Toads to name besides all these newly arrived baby Snakes.) Then James brought the Ancient History—and we named two after Babylonian kings, four after Egyptian kings, and two after Syrian kings. Yesterday I forgot and left Caesar's Gallic Wars up a tree where I was studying it, and Jane went for that and seven were named from people in Caesar's Gallic Wars. I'm sure that before nightfall comes we shall have them all named.

Night time
177
Fairyland





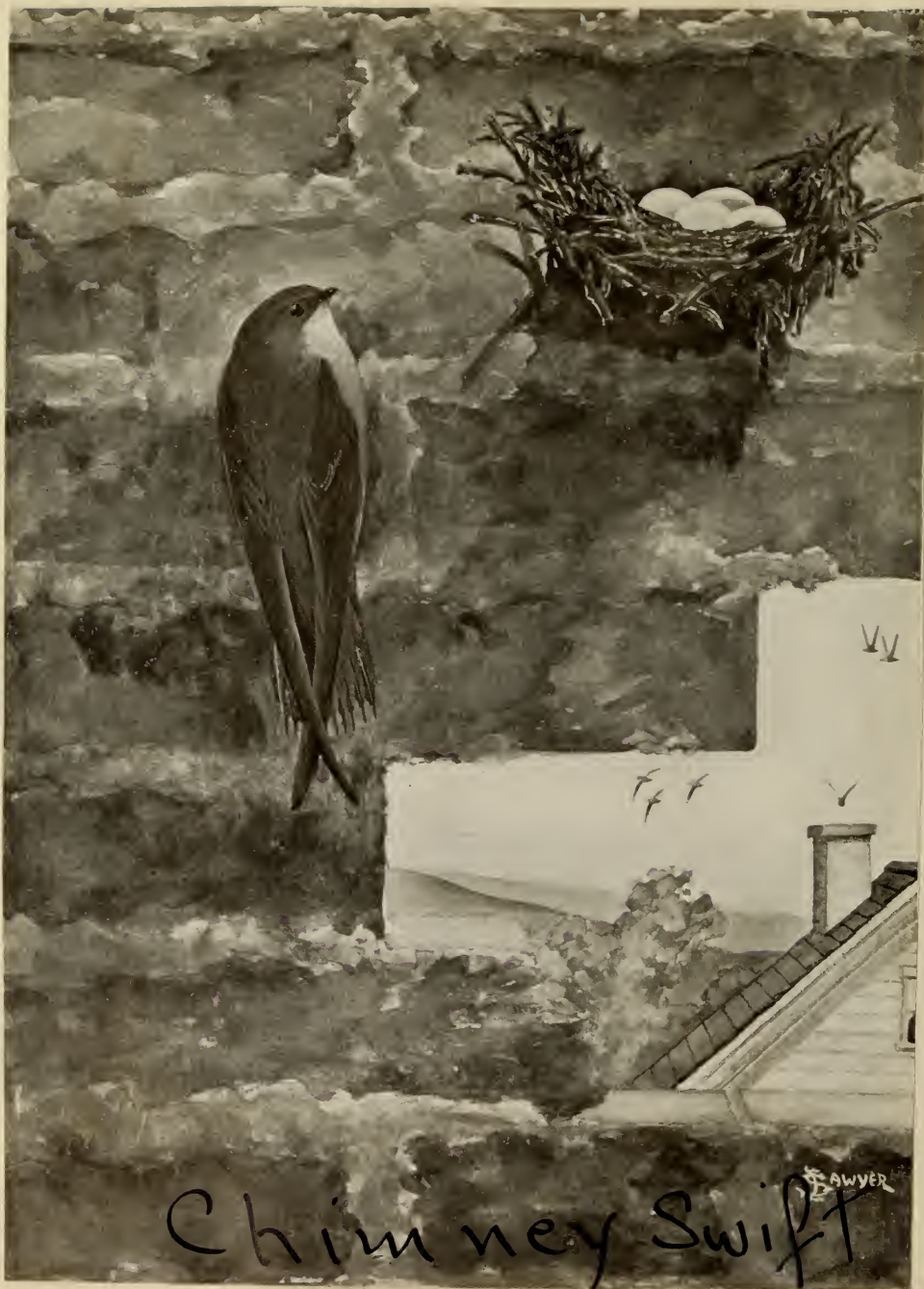
Tree Swallow

BRUCE HORSFALL
1908

"It comes from childhood's land
Where summer days are
long
And summer eves
are bland
A lulling Good-night song

O childhood's Vesper bird
my heart calls back
Good-Night

Vesper Sparrow



Chimney Swift B. AWYER



Flicker

R. FALL



Screech Owl





Wood Pewee

NURSERY AND HOSPITAL NOTES

June—And now are here busy days—that is in the nursery. You see, it's this way—I want to write for other Girls and Boys when I grow up how the fairies live. So I watch them in the fields and woods—and then I raise them from eggs that I may better know their life stories. And the reason that these days are especially busy ones at the nursery is because many eggs are hatching.

Day before yesterday three Turtle eggs hatched—for a whole week Butterfly and Moth eggs have been hatching—yesterday two Lizard eggs hatched, and to-day three Snake eggs (some Snakes hatch from eggs, but some are born alive, as Garter Snakes.) Also, Slug eggs are hatching, and Beetle ones, too. Several days ago Frog and Toad and Salamander eggs were hatching. And now Spiders are hatching, and Sowbugs, too. Do you wonder that these are such busy days at the nursery when so many little folk are coming into the world?

If things on hand grow up as we expect them to (the things on hand aforementioned being Tadpoles who have recently come out of Toad eggs), we shall have a goodly number of Toad fairies later in the year. There are at present in the nursery three hundred seventy-one Tadpoles who came out of Toad eggs. (We won't name them until they grow up—but we have been picking out names in preparation for the time when they will become grown-up.) I love Toads—from long association with them. You see, from the time I was five years old I've been raising them from the eggs to grown-up Toadhood. And day by day I've grown to like them more and and to see how truly beautiful they are. I have had some dear Toad chums—who followed me hopping out in the garden—and on long nature walks traveled in my pocket. Every day I feel so happy, and no matter how hard things seem, the world is so full of wonderful, beautiful things, and no matter how much I get spanked for it, I do still love Toads—and I'm sure God understands my loving them.

"Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too."

Another tragedy happened in the hospital to-day. My pet Raccoon, who was caught in a trap last week, I brought to the hospital to bandage again his paw. He seemed to appreciate the soothing effect of mentholatum—and because of his being very quiet I went on to attend to two pet Squirrels who were hurt last week. While my back was turned, Sir Raccoon, on exploration bent, soon found the tub wherein was Sucker, who was nicely recovering from being caught on a hook last week. Before I could reach him he was eating for supper this Sucker. O, Life is truly full of puzzling situations.

LILORIOLE IN SEARCH OF THE HOMES OF FAIRYLAND

Once upon a time there was a little girl—a little girl who very, very much wanted to know about things—especially how other folks, the folk of the fields and woods, lived; where they built their homes; what their homes were made of; what they fed their children. The more she thought about it, the more sure she felt that other boys and girls were wanting to know these things also. Now, this little girl's name was Liloriole—and there came a day, 'twas the hour between sunset and darkness, the hour all children love, when Twilight, the child of Day and Night, came and led Liloriole forth in search of the homes of Fairyland. Four years she wandered over the world under the tender care of Twilight. One night she spent with Mother Bluebird, another night with Mother Meadowlark, other nights with other mothers—who were loving and tender to this child in search of the homes of Fairyland that other Girls and other Boys might know how other folks around them lived. In our story Liloriole becomes a tiny girl, not quite two inches tall, and so cuddles under the wings of many a fond mother bird. Herein are recorded her visits to more than fifty five homes—many more she visited, and these are recorded in another book. These are here recorded that you may know more of the home life of the dear folk about you—that you may seek for their homes and learn of how they live. The places where she found these homes, the materials they were made of, the babies within them, the food that was fed unto these babies, are all written as I have seen them hour by hour with my own eyes. Well I knew Liloriole and well she knew me. We have been chums since childhood.

CROSS-BILL

'Twas in March the Cross-bills nested. In a Spruce tree was the cradle placed. Of Spruce twigs and tiny shreds of bark it consisted—and the lining was of horse-hair and fine rootlets. Unto this home Liloriole came when within the cradle were eggs three—pale greenish in color with spots, dots and splotches of shades of brown and purplish gray. Four nights she cuddled under Mother Cross-bill's wings, for this was in the month of March—and not many birds were building homes. While with Mother Cross-bill she learned that Song Sparrows, Goldfinches and Indigo Buntings were her cousins. She named the baby Cross-bills to be—Lorene Loxia, Lawrence Loxia and Loralee Loxia, for their scientific name, 'twas *Loxia curvirostra*.



RED CROSSBILLS.
3/4 Life-size.

AUDUBON'S CARACARA

Then away to the Southland she journeyed all night, all day and all night, and came unto the home of Audubon's Caracara. In an oak tree was the nest, and it was made of sticks and grass and weeds. In it were two eggs like this one. Liloriole named the little birds to be Peter and Polly Polyborus, for their scientific name it was Polyborus cheriway. Cousins of Falcons, Eagles and Hawks are these Audubon Caracaras. That evening Liloriole started on her Northward journey with Twilight, the child of Day and Night.

SCREECH OWL

During the last week of March Mr. and Mrs. Screech Owl set up house-keeping in the hollow part of an old apple tree. And Liloriole came to call upon them one evening in the latter part of the first week of April. In the hollow of the tree were five eggs like unto this one. Mr. Screech Owl, whose scientific name is *Magascops asio*, took Liloriole with him that night (night time is day time in Owl-land) as he went a seeking for food. Liloriole felt little thrills go from her head to her toes as they glided swiftly over the field and about. She had always wanted to ride in an aeroplane, and this she thought even more wonderful. He caught a mouse, and another mouse; and then took Liloriole back to Mrs. Screech Owl, who told her that their food consisted of many mice, who if not kept in check, would destroy much wheat and other grain foods. "O," said Liloriole, "then you are helping the Allies, because by your keeping the mice from eating so much wheat and by we boys and girls using less, we can send more to the little Belgian and French children." And just then Mr. Screech Owl appeared in the doorway "Mousing time again, my dears." Nearly all night long is "mousing time" with Screech Owl. Liloriole hurried away next day to tell you that you might tell other boys and girls why Screech Owls must be protected.

"We are two dusky owls, and we live in a tree;
Look at her,—look at me!
Look at her,—she's my mate, and the mother of three
Pretty owlets, and we
Have a warm cozy nest, just as snug as can be.

We are both very wise; for our heads, as you see,
(Look at her—look at me!)
Are as large as the heads of four birds ought to be;
And our horns, you'll agree,
Make us look wiser still, sitting here on the tree.

And we care not how gloomy the night-time may be;
We can see,—we can see
Through the forest to roam, it suits her, it suits me;
And we're free,—we are free
To bring back what we find, to our nest in the tree."

LOON

After an all-night's journey Liloriole arrived with Twilight at the home of Mother Loon. 'Twas at the edge of a Northern pond. As they paused they heard a strange cry; but Liloriole soon learned 'twas the call of the Loon. When she saw Loon alight and move along at the edge of the pond she remembered what her uncle had told her—'twas a legend that when Mother Nature made the first Loon she forgot to put legs on him, and he started off before she noticed her mistake. Then she picked up the pair of legs nearest to her and threw them after him. They landed too near unto his tail—and they were also the wrong pair of legs. So Loon fairies stand up—but apparently that pair of legs were not suitable for graceful walking legs. And Liloriole, watching Loon, saw the reason for the legend. Two wonderful days she had with a Mother Loon, and a baby Loon, whom she named Gavoralee Gavia—for his scientific name was Gavia.

KINGBIRD

In an Apple tree was a cradle—no, its builder was not Robin. This cradle in this Apple tree was made of weed-stems, wool and twine. Its lining was of bits of horse hair, rootlets and grass. The contents of the cradle were four—yes, they had hatched, and Liloriole named those four Baby Kingbirds, Timmie, Tommie, Tillie and Tiny Tyrannus. (Their scientific name is *Tyrannus tyrannus*.) For supper, grasshopper and gadfly hash was served. Mother Kingbird cuddled Liloriole close to her that night.

"The apple tree becomes a palace,
When the Queen-bird builds her throne,
And a doughty soldier the King-bird,
As he stoutly guards his own."—Gene Stratton Porter.

BARN SWALLOW

She is here, she is here, the Swallow!
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!—Greek Swallow Songs.

Under the eave of Somebody's barn Somebody made a cradle of mud—made a cradle of pellets of mud and lined it with feathers. The makers of this cradle and others like unto it and near unto it were the Barn Swallows, they who skim low over the field, they who wheel about our barns, they who are noted for the exquisite grace of their flight—they whose scientific name is *Hirundo erythrogastra*. To this home came Liloriole. To the four Baby Barn Swallows who were to come out of the four white eggs with speckles of brown and lavender upon them she gave these names—Homer *Hirundo*, Horace *Hirundo*, Hortense *Hirundo* and Hallie *Hirundo*.



LOON.
♂ Life-size.

STICKLEBACK

Climbing far out on a vine that leaned out over the water, Liloriole caught a glimpse of Stickleback's fairy home among the water plants. Now Stickleback fairy is a fish, and the wonderfulness about Father Stickleback is that he builds a home, a cradle for the eggs that Mother Stickleback fish lays—the eggs from which will come baby Sticklebacks. Now the thing that Liloriole longed most of all to do when she saw the Stickleback home was to get closer to it. So she dropped lightly onto a water leaf below, and then, taking a full breath, she slid down the stem almost to Stickleback's home. But she needed another breath of air, so up she popped. Down she slid again and came so near to the home, then up she popped again to get another breath of air. Then down she slid again, and such a big breath of air she had taken that the third time she reached the home. It was made of many green Algae. Liloriole thought it a wonderful palace and a beautiful cradle. To the reeds it was fastened. And in it were—Liloriole thought they were pearls, those beautiful little eggs. And faithfully Father Stickleback guarded his cradle from all intruders—and she learned that so he guards it until the Baby Sticklebacks hatch and go away.

KINGFISHER

Liloriole saw a clay bank near by—the most interesting thing about that clay bank, to Liloriole, was that there was a hole in it. She wondered whose home it was, and where it led to. She felt sure that it was someone's home. She tripped straight over to the above-mentioned clay bank, and tiptoed up to that hole, which proved to be the entrance to a tunnel, the doorway to someone's home. Carefully and quietly she went along the dark tunnel. Seven feet she had gone when somebody came rushing in and passed her. Her heart was all a-flutter—surely this was the owner of the place—and would she be welcome? Then she heard a voice, a cracky voice, calling her name softly. She hurried on the end of the tunnel and there met face to face the one who had rushed by her, the one whose home this was. It was Mother Kingfisher who called her, for the Wind fairies had just told her that Liloriole was at her home. At the end of the tunnel were six eggs—six white eggs. Kingfisher's scientific name is *Ceryle alcyon*. Liloriole tarried but a few minutes with Mother Kingfisher, as she wanted to come again when Baby Kingfishers were out of the eggs—and even as she hurried away she began to think of the names she would give unto them.

BLUE JAY

At 5:00 P. M. she came unto the home of Blue Jay fifteen feet up in the tree. Of twigs, roots, rags and weeds it was made—and looked a bit raggedy. In it were five eggs like unto this one. Twelve days later Liloriole returned to find four babies who had just opened their eyes, being then nine days old. For breakfast that morning they had Grasshopper mush.

ROBIN

Liloriolen sat upon a clod of earth—a tiny clod in a garden. It was just after a shower. She sat watching Earth-worms. Along came a Robin and took an Earth-worm—took it away to his babies. Then he came for another, and this time he took a worm in his mouth and Liloriolen upon his back. Across the garden, then four trees distant—and Liloriolen climbed from his back onto the edge of Robin Cradle in Apple Tree. Of mud, stems, twigs and grasses 'twas made. In it were three babies, who three days before had come from three greenish blue eggs. Liloriolen named the three babies—Muriel Merula, Merlin Merula and Marian Merula—for their scientific name, 'twas *Merula migratoria propinqua*. For dinner, which began two hours before Liloriolen arrived, and which still continued, they were being served earth-worm rolls, with blackberries for dessert. Liloriolen learned that the cousins of Robins are Bluebirds and Hermit Thrushes.

BLUEBIRDS

One day when Liloriolen sat meditating on an Oak tree—on the tiniest leaf of all on the big Oak tree—Father Bluebird came by on his way home. And Aurelius Evangel, the little Wind Fairy, having told him of Liloriolen's search for the homes of Fairyland he stopped at the Oak tree, where Liloriolen climbed upon his back. Away to the South they flew, three hundred trees distant, across a field, and near unto a little bungalow where lived Love, a tiny rosebud baby, and his happy young father and mother. Because they loved one another so very much, and were so happy in their little home, they wanted to have the Bluebirds of happiness near, so built a little home for them and set it on a pole. Father and Mother Bluebird liked the location, so there they located. 'Twas to this nursery Liloriolen came. Mother Bluebird cuddled her and told her about her own dear babies six who had recently come out of six pale-blue eggs. For supper they had caterpillar dumplings. Then Liloriolen went to sleep cuddled close to Mother Bluebird's breast. Next morning it so happened that when she woke up she was hungry. She and all Baby Bluebirds were given caterpillar mush for breakfast. For dinner, which began a few minutes after breakfast ended, they were served caterpillar, weevil and ant hash. The lovely Bluebird fairies are cousins of Hermit Thrush and our dear Robin. Liloriolen told this verse about the Bluebirds to each of the six baby birds:

“Winged lute that we call a bluebird,
You blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing water,
The patter of Spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine
And fragrance of blossoming things;
You are an April poem
That God has dowered with wings.”

FLYING SQUIRRELS

There was a night—'twas a wonderful night—that night Liloriole spent with the Flying Squirrels. Their home it was in a tree—in a tree in the woods. The year before this year that home had been occupied by a pair of Woodpeckers. Now it was the palace, the home, the nursery of dreamy-eyed woodfolk. When Liloriole arrived at the nursery that afternoon everyone was asleep. As Mother Flying Squirrel afterwards told her, "Daytime is Sleepytime with we folk." For breakfast that evening they had hazel-nuts.

BAT

One evening Twilight and Liloriole met a Mother Bat—the dear fairy with silky fur and wonderful wings like rubber tissue. They saw Mother Bat catch a mosquito and a gnat. Liloriole wondered if Mother Bat fed Baby Bats upon an insect diet. Twilight, perceiving her pondering, led her away and away to a long and strong shrub—and there set her down on the tip of a twig. Now, a wee bit farther down on this same twig were two quaint babies—miniatures of Mother Bat. They were Mother Bat's twins, who were born in July. Mother Bat came along presently and they rode away clinging to her neck. With them clung Liloriole. A little way they went unto a hollow tree. Liloriole learned that Baby Bats were not fed upon an insect diet, but nursed from their mothers' breasts. She rode about that night with Mother Bat, clinging to her neck as Baby Bats do—and a happy night was the night she spent with Mother Bat and her Twin Battikins, Millard Myotis and Millie Myotis (their scientific name is *Myotis lucifugus*).

WHIP-POOR-WILL

"There twilight paused in rosy dreaming,
And o'er the riot of the rills,
When starlight on the world was streaming,
Rose the love-song of whip-poor-wills."

On a night in Springtime Liloriole heard a plaintive voice calling, "Whip-poor-will." 'Twas in June-time that she came unto the home of the mate of Whip-poor-will. There was no palace, but the eggs were laid on the ground among dry leaves. These eggs were two in number, in color white with spots, blotches, and lines of brown and purple. Liloriole learned that Whip-poor-wills need not much of a beak as other birds, so they have little beak. They need large mouths for catching night-flying insects, so their mouths are large. Learning that their scientific name was *Antrostomus vociferus*, she named the two baby Nighthawks to be—Antony *Antrostomus* and Antoinette *Antrostomus*.

"Where deep and misty shadows float,
In forest depths is heard thy note;
Like a lost spirit, earth-bound still,
Art thou, mysterious Whip-poor-will."

WOOD MOUSE

It had been the home of a Woodpecker—but now it belonged to someone else—to a little somebody with tender eyes and soft silky fur. 'Twas unto this old Woodpecker nursery that Liloriole came—and found there Mother Wood Mouse, with her baby Mouselets four. With grass that cradle in the tree was lined. In several ways Liloriole thought Mother Wood Mouse much like Flying Squirrel. Philip Peromyscus, Puella Peromyscus, Paula Peromyscus, Pearl Peromyscus—so she named the four Baby Mice, for their scientific name was *Peromyscus leucopus*.

MILKWEED

In the Spring the Milkweeds were blooming, and in the summer, too. There came a day when the Milkweed babies in their cradles lay; and Liloriole on this day came that way. That night she dreamed downy, silky dreams cradled with the Baby Milkweeds. Next morning she climbed over the edge of the cradle, and a little way distant she saw another wonderful cradle fastened to the old fence near which this Milkweed grew. Now this other cradle was green with gold dots upon it—and within was a Monarch Butterfly to be. 'Twas only a short time since he had been a caterpillar feeding upon leaves like the ones on this Milkweed plant. While Liloriole sat there wondering at the wonderfulness of this Butterfly cradle a baby Milkweed seed called unto her—and with this Baby Milkweed seed she sailed away, and away, and away. So she went a-ballooning in the balloon like other silky balloons which Mother Nature provides for the sailing away of these Baby Milkweed seeds.

BILLY OWLS

In a burrow made by a Ground Squirrel she found the Billy Owls at home. That is, their home was in the burrow, and they were sitting outside sunning themselves. Within the burrow were seven glossy white eggs, and Liloriole thought it would be delightful to return when the young Owls had come out of these. *Speotyto cunicularia hypogaea* is their scientific name. Liloriole, repeating it over several times, that she might tell it unto you, became tongue-tired and nestled close to Mother Burrowing Owl.

MAGPIE

One night she spent in the Magpie home in the Hawthorne tree. The home—it was made of mud and lined with rootlets, hair and grass. Around it were many sticks. In it were six young Magpies. The day's menu consisted of crickets, grasshoppers, berries, grubs and mice. Being with Magpies made Liloriole think of the little boy who lived next to her home because he had a Magpie who talked and talked. She learned that Crow, Nutcracker, Raven and Blue Jay are cousins of Magpie, whose scientific name is *Pica pica hudsonica*.



BARN SWALLOW.
1/2 Life-size.

FEEDING A FAMILY OF MUSICIANS-TO-BE WHO WERE RESCUED WHEN THE LAND WAS BURNED OVER FOR PASTURE



BROWN THRASHER

On the thirtieth day of May she came unto the home of Brown Thrasher in the field upon the ground. It was builded of twigs, tendrils of vines and leaves and its lining was of rootlets. In it were four young bird children—John and Jimmie, and Nellie and Timmie—who not yet but soon were to be a quartette. (See their portrait in *Music and Musicians of the Out-of-Doors.*) Their voices were as yet undeveloped, as they had only a few days before come out of four eggs, like unto this one. For supper, which continued for three hours, being served at intervals, they had grasshoppers, caterpillars and spiders—for breakfast the same, with a wee bit of fruit.

WOODCHUCK

In a pasture near the fence was the burrow of Woodchuck. Liloriole called, but no one answered. She went on a little way and saw a Woodchuck upon a stump sunning himself. That burrow was not his home—but it was the home of a Woodchuck, who was not just then at home. However, this Woodchuck told Liloriole several things of interest about her own family, and Liloriole went with her to her burrow. Her nest was lined with soft grass. And best of all were the three baby Woodchucks—then three weeks old. When evening came Liloriole journeyed forth with Mother Woodchuck to the garden, where she ate cabbage (the inside of the heads) and beans. Back again they went into the burrow, where Liloriole cuddled down among the babies—whose scientific name is *Actomys monax*.

CLIFF SWALLOW

On the face of the cliff, plastered there by their makers, were the homes of Cliff Swallows. Of mud pellets these cradles were made, and in them were eggs and Baby Swallows just out of eggs—white ones spotted with brown and lilac. In one cradle, where Liloriole tarried for a moment, were five eggs, in another cradle three eggs. And three young Swallows were in the cradle in which she spent the night. For breakfast they had ants and other insects. Then Liloriole named the three Baby Swallows: Peter Petrochelidon, Pepper Petrochelidon, and Pippa Petrochelidon—for their scientific name was *Petrochelidon lunifrons*.

ANTS

Many little folk were hurrying to and fro from under a piece of bark. They were busy, busy folk. "And is this Ant Home?" inquired Liloriole politely from an Ant passing by. "Yes," came the answer—and she entered in. "O, how shall I ever tell the Boys and Girls about this—I know," and she clapped her hands, "I'll tell them to watch and see for themselves." So Liloriole wants you to sit quietly, not for just a few moments, but for many minutes, and watch beside an Ant Home. See them going to and fro, see them bringing in food. Watch their ways and then write and tell her what you see. (You may send the letters to her in care of the author.)

CATBIRD

"The Catbird sings a crooked song, in minors that are flat,
And when he can't control his voice, he mews just like a cat,
Then nods his head and whisks his tail and lets it go at that."—Dovie.

In a rose bush was a cradle—a cradle made of sticks and fine roots, leaves and grass. In this cradle were four greenish-blue eggs. "Whose home—now I wonder," remarked Liloriole. She thought she heard a kitten nearby. Then she knew that a Mother Wren was near, and close by another bird cousin dear. But just then she knew it was none of these. 'Twas the Catbird—and this the Catbird cradle. As evening came on she nestled under Mother Catbird's wing, and next morning heard Father Catbird sing.

"He sits on a branch of yon blossoming bush,
This madcap cousin of robin and thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morning long;
Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft, gray, fluttering throat.
But often he stops in his sweetest note,
And, shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
Drawls out, 'Mi-eu, mi-ow!'"—E. Thomas.

BARN OWL

One evening Twilight took Liloriole to an old barn—there were many cobwebs on the rafters. In this place were five young fairies. Here they had hatched from five white eggs. And these five fairies wore baby clothes of down—and their faces were monkey-like. Breakfast time came soon after Liloriole came, and observing what these Baby Fairies were fed upon, she concluded that their parents were, and these babies would be when they grew up, economic allies of the farmer. That breakfast which Mother and Father Barn Owl were serving unto the Owlets five consisted of mice and gophers. Liloriole was not hungry, so she watched the comings and goings of Mother and Father Barn Owl. The scientific name of these dignified fairy folk is *Strix pratincola*. With them Liloriole lingered all night and slept with the Baby Barn Owls next day.

MUD WASP

Liloriole learned on her journey in search of the homes of Fairyland that other fairies beside Barn Swallow and her cousins make their cradles of mud. For upon a certain day she came upon a dainty cradle on a board—a cradle about an inch long. What she first thought one cradle she found to be five dainty cradles close together. And in each sealed-up cradle was a Baby Mud Wasp to be. While she sat on the heap of cradles the mud from one end of one cradle fell away and out came a Mud Wasp. Unto Liloriole she told her life story—of how her Mother had made the cradle of mud, and placed within the egg in which was the Baby Wasp to be—and of her placing therein stunned spiders for the hungry larva to feed upon after hatching—then of how she changed into a pupa—and at last came out a grown-up Mud Wasp..



CATBIRD.
(*Galeoscoptes carolinensis* Linn.)
‡ Life-size.

MENU
A BLACKBERRY
SOME BLACKBERRIES
AND SOME
MORE BLACKBERRIES



HUMMING BIRD

There it was in the tree—looking like a knot upon the limb. Of plant fibers it was made and covered with lichens. In it were two tiny white eggs. Liloriole's heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, for she knew she had come unto the home of Hummingbird, whom Aurelius Evangel, the Wind Fairy, said was the most exquisite cradle in all Birdland. Mother Hummer returned in a few moments; and Liloriole sitting on the edge of the nest had a happy time talking with her. She learned that Hummingbirds not only like honey but plant lice and small spiders as well. As the close of day drew near she went away with Twilight, Child of Day and Night, to another home; but before going she promised Mother Hummer to return again when Baby Hummers were out of the eggs.

CHICK-A-DEE

And the home she was journeying unto Liloriole knew not until Twilight gave three taps on an old decayed tree in the woods. Thirteen feet up from the ground on a knot he and Liloriole waited two minutes—then again he gave three taps and led Liloriole in through a hole by the knot—led her right into Chick-a-dees home. And there were a set of triplets and two sets of twins. Liloriole cuddled down among them and slept. Next morning she was hungry and was given for breakfast insect eggs—for dinner, which was served at intervals, insect hash of grasshoppers, flies and caterpillars. And Baby Chick-a-dees were waxing fat and fluffy on just such a diet. As their scientific name was *Parus atricapillus* she named those seven Chick-a-dee youngsters—Atlas *Atricapillus*, Atlanta *Atricapillus*, Alice *Atricapillus*, Alma *Atricapillus*, Atilla *Atricapillus*, Arnold *Atricapillus*, Aloah *Atricapillus*—Liloriole's tongue rested for five minutes after she named them. Happy are her memories of the days spent with them.

LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN

In the marsh among the reeds—attached to the reeds was the home of Long-billed Marsh Wren. Of grasses, reeds and weeds it was builded, and soft was its lining of Cat-tail seeds. And in it were seven eggs like unto this one and on them was dear little Mother Wren. And the day Liloriole came that way was the twenty-seventh day of May—and she tarried that night within the little home. Among the things she learned before her departure were—that the music box a-tilt on the reed that she heard again and again as she was coming near unto the home on yesterday, was dear little Mother Wren's mate—that the eggs within the nest were soon to be baby Long-billed Marsh Wrens—and that her scientific name was *Cistothorus palustris*.

CROW

In a tree in a grove at the edge of the field Liloriole found Mother Crow at home. Of sticks, sticks, more sticks, and weed stalks it was made. With grass, straw, wool, hair, leaves, roots it was lined. And in this nest were six eggs like this one. She learned that Mother Crow's scientific name was *Corvus americanus*—and that her cousins were Magpie, Raven and Blue Jay. Liloriole planned to come again when Baby Crows were in the nest.

CHIMNEY SWIFT

On Father Chimney Swift's back Liloriole journeyed to their home in the chimney. Their cradle was a wall pocket of twigs cemented to the chimney with salivary glue. Those baby Swifts were four and Liloriole named them Charles, Elsie, Caroline and Elisa Chaetura—and Chaetura pelagica is their scientific name. While she was in the home she, too, was fed upon an insect diet.

BUSH-TIT

In a thicket she saw a ball of feathers, and that ball of feathers was diligently looking for insect eggs—and that ball of feathers was no other than Sir Bush-Tit himself, the cousin of Chick-a-dee. Sir Bush-Tit wore a coat of brownish gray. Ever now and then he was upside down around on the other side of the twig. The second time he came right side up, Liloriole called to him and told him, all in one breath, lest he turn upside down before she could finish, of her search for the Homes of Fairyland. "There's a hanging cradle five trees and two bushes distant from here in which you will be welcomed, dear child," Sir Bush-Tit said. And truly it was a wonderful cradle, and so—so much larger than Sir Bush-Tit and his darling mate and the little Bush-Tits seven who had come out of seven small white eggs. And O that cradle—it was made of plant fibers, mosses, lichens and feathers. And O those babies—they were dear and so dear. Liloriole learned that they were cousins of Chick-a-dee, Wren-tit and Verdin. Their scientific name is *Psaltriparus*.

WOOD RAT

In the woods in a thicket she came unto the home of Wood Rat. It was dome-shaped. Of sticks, sticks, sticks, and more sticks it was made. Too, there were other bits of things, shreds of bark, etc. "Woodrat is beautiful," thought Liloriole, for he looked much like White-footed Mouse enlarged. His fur was very soft and more like Squirrel's fur. Liloriole had a lovely time in the Wood Rat's home—and she thought each Boy and Girl who reads of her journey would find it very interesting to watch for Wood Rat's home when they see heaps of sticks in a thicket or a tree. "Please remember," she says to tell you, "that Wood Rat is a very different sort of person from the pesky House Rat."



DICKCISSEL.
(*Spiza americana*).
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Life-size.

DICKISSEL

In the meadow among the weeds was a home made of dried grasses. In it were four pale blue eggs. While yet Liloriole waited near unto it first came Mother Dickissel and perched at the edge of the nest. Then came Father Dickissel and he perched on a twig near by. That night she nestled under Mother Dickissel's wing. Next morning for breakfast she had grasshopper mush. After breakfast Father Dickissel told her that their scientific name was *Spiza americana*. Mother Dickissel told her that their cousins were Grosbeaks, Towhees, Song Sparrows, Juncos, Buntings and Goldfinches.

MEADOW MOUSE

In the field was a little burrow. At the bottom of the burrow was a nest. When Liloriole came unto this burrow in the field she lay down and peeked over its edge to see who was down there and just as she peeked over somebody else from within the burrow peeked out to see what the outside world looked like—and their noses met. He who peeked out was a Baby Meadow Mouse. Liloriole liked him and he told her about the other Baby Meadow Mice in the nest at the bottom of the burrow. So they both slid down the burrow to the nest. "There's folks what like to eat us and we have to watch out for them," piped Least Mouse of all as he came sliding down the burrow.

"Who be they?" inquired Liloriole.

"Marsh Hawks, Hen Hawks, Crows, Owls, Cats and Weasels," answered Mother Meadow Mouse in profound tones. Then Liloriole being very tired out, nestled close to Least Mouse of all and went to sleep.

MEADOWLARK

In the field at the foot of a bunch of grass she found the home of Meadowlark. It was builded of grass and arched over. It was in the month of May she found it—and in it were six eggs like unto this one. Liloriole thought them beautiful indeed. As she nestled under Mother Meadowlark's wing she heard afar in the field the liquid voice of Father Meadowlark. When next morning she said good-by she promised to return again when the little birds were hatched.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!
(Listen to the meadow-larks across the fields that sing!)
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mateling pipe and call.
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss,
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all.—Coolbrith.

MUSKRAT

In a burrow close to the stream dwelt a Mother Muskrat and her Baby Muskrats six. Liloriole tripping along through the grass fell down through the air hole into the burrow. She liked the Baby Muskrats so well that she stayed all night and yet another night. And Mother Muskrat shared her own lily-roots and clams with her. While with them Liloriole learned that they had to watch out for Minks and Weasels, Foxes and Dogs, Owls and Hawks, for these include Muskrats among those things delicious to eat. Next day she rode on Mother Muskrat's back as she swam about in the stream.

WATER OUZEL

Behind a cascade of singing waters was a lovely cradle of green mosses. The waters rushed on, murmuring, rippling and singing. But the heart of the Mother feared not the rushing of the water—the music of the stream seemed a part of her life. Day after day she tenderly guarded the treasures in the cradle of mosses behind the cascade. Now, this cradle was shaped like an oven—an opening it had on the side. The treasures within it numbered five—pure white in color, these eggs in which were the Baby Water Ouzels to be. Unto this home Liloriole came, and was surprised at the way Father and Mother Water Ouzel hurried over the wet rocks. While there she heard Sir Water Ouzel sing, and in his song was the beauty and the strength of the mountains around them. To the five Baby Water Ouzels to be she gave these names—Cinclora Cinclus, Cindora Cinclus, Cinflora Cinclus, Cindrona Cinclus and Cicero Cinclus—for their scientific name was *Cinclus mexicanus*. And when leaving time came she yet lingered, for Father Water Ouzel was singing—and in his song was the glory of the mountains, the rippling laughter of the streams—their dreamy sadness, too; the beauty of the mosses and ferns along the water. The tinkle of the raindrops traveling over the tiny rocks—all these and more too—the joy of living in God's good world, was in the song of the Ouzel.

SUMMER WARBLER

In a thicket along the stream she saw a Sunshine Bird—saw the Summer Warbler—he whose name is *Dendroica aestiva*. In a tree close by was his cup-shaped home made of plant fibers. Soon Liloriole came unto this home, and saw there five eggs like these. When Mother Warbler came she learned that Cowbird (who is the black sheep of the Icteridae family) had placed one of her eggs in their newly built home—and that a platform had been built over this Cowbird egg. Also she learned that Summer Warblers are cousins of Audubon, Magnolia, Dusky and Yellow-throat Warblers. She cuddled one night under Mother Summer Warbler's wing—and promised to return when the young birds were out of the eggs. As she went away she planned what she would name them.



EGRET

"You know about the great work of Audubon societies, don't you?" remarked Twilight to Liloriole one evening.

"O, yes—of course I do. I saved my pennies and nickels to help protect Egret homes," replied Liloriole.

And then Twilight asked her if she wouldn't like to visit an Egret home. So away they traveled to a distant state. All night they journeyed and the next day Liloriole slept in a rose. The following night they came to the end of their journey at Heron Colony, in the Southland. Liloriole, being sleepy, was at once cuddled by a Mother Egret. When the sunbeams woke her up next morning she looked all about—climbed over the nest and explored about. There were lots of other homes there—like the one she had slept in, made of twigs. Now, in these cradles there was neither lining of moss, feathers, nor any soft material whatsoever—just twigs and more twigs. The eggs were blue—some cradles had four and some had five, and some cradles had little birds very much alive. One Father Snowy Egret took Liloriole with him when he went for food. Twelve miles distant he went, and the food for which he went was minnows. Liloriole learned that Baby Egrets are given this fish food by the method of regurgitation. She felt certain that if people knew more about Egret home life they would want to do much to help the Audubon Society to protect Egret colonies from the plume hunters. She named several Snowy Egret babies—and many to-be Snowy Egret babies, the ones who were to come out of the blue eggs. Some of them she named Edith Egretta, Ellen Egretta, Eddie Egretta, Eleanor Egretta—for their scientific name was *Egretta candidissima*. Cousins of Snowy Heron, Great Blue Heron, Night Heron and Bittern, are Snowy Egret fairies.

COWBIRD

Here and there Liloriole would see Cowbirds, but no Cowbird home was she able to find. Finally one day, being very inquisitive, she inquired of a certain Cowbird where she would find the homes of the Cowbirds. "Why, my dear child, I have no nest—other birds raise my children. I bother not with the troubles of home-making. But—if you desire to know more of my eggs you might look in yonder Warbler's nest." So she went unto this Warbler's home and there among the Warbler's own four eggs was a much larger whitish egg with brown blotches over it. Later, Liloriole saw a tiny Warbler mother feeding a young hungry Cowbird hatched from an egg placed in her nest by a Cowbird. Liloriole had not even a thimbleful of affection for this unnatural Cowbird mother, who, like all Cowbird mothers, shirks home duties—leaving her young to the care of others—often smaller birds. *Molothrus ater* is the scientific name of Cowbirds, disreputable cousins of our lovely Bob-o'-links, Meadowlarks and Orioles. Cowbird is truly the black sheep of the family Icteridae.

WOOD PEWEE

"A bird's nest, mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! what a nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?"—Hurdis.

In the beginning of the month of June came she unto the home of Wood Pewee in a large Maple tree. Of rootlets, fine grass and moss it was made—and coated with lichens. A very dainty cradle Liloriole thought it was as she cuddled down among the babies three. And she named them Virolla, Vera and Virgil Virens—for their scientific name was *Contopus virens*. For breakfast, which lasted until dinner began, they had caterpillars and grasshoppers. Phobes, Flycatchers and Kingbirds are cousins of Wood Pewee.

SONG SPARROW

"Is it near unto this place that the Song Sparrows dwell?" asked Liloriole. And the Flower fairies whispered, "Just over the way in a tussock of grass." And Liloriole coming to the tussock of grass climbed part way up a blade of grass and sat down on the edge of the nest made of dry leaves and grasses. The four baby Song Sparrows were glad to see her. And their scientific name was *Melospiza*. She named them Marian, Marto, Melora and Lorene *Melospiza*. A day and two hours she tarried with them.

TOWHEE

In the thicket on the ground was the Towhee home. It was in the month of May that she came unto this home. It was made of dead leaves, twigs, vine tendrils and grass; and was lined with fine roots and grass. The four babies in the cradle she named Pippin Pipilo, Peter Pipilo, Polly Pipilo, Pipona Pipilo—for their scientific name was *Pipilo*. For breakfast they had insects, the same for dinner and supper. Cousins of Junco, Song Sparrow, Goldfinch and Indigo Bunting are Towhee fairies.

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

In the swamp among the Cat-tails she found the home of Red-winged Blackbird. Of grasses it was made and in it were three baby birds whom she named Pharaoh Phoeniceus, Phoebe Phoeniceus and Phillip Phoeniceus. Their scientific name is *Agelaius phoeniceus*. One day she tarried with them and for breakfast, dinner and supper they had grasshoppers. She learned that their cousins were the Orioles and the Meadowlarks.



Evening
Grosbeak



Red-winged
Blackbird



Purple
Finch



Junco



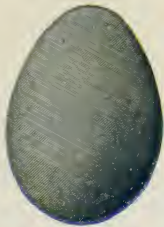
PAUL E. HORSFALL
Chipping Sparrow



Hummingbird



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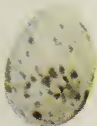
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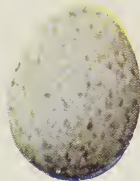
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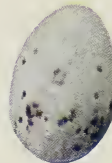
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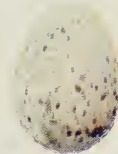
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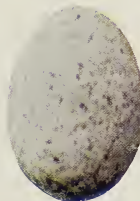
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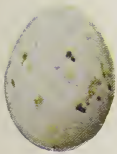
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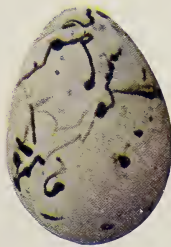
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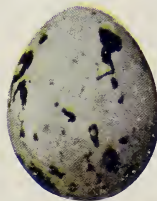
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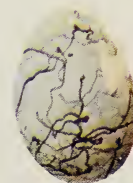
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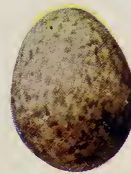
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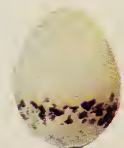
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Kingbird



A. BRUCE WOOD *Kingfisher*



Scarlet Tanager



RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

At a stump she paused as she heard a slight noise from within. While yet she waited near, out of this stump that used to be a tree, came a fairy dressed in these colors three—red, black and white. The stump was the castle of Red-headed Woodpecker and this was he himself. Soon he returned with a grasshopper and Liloriole took supper with the little Woodpeckers six who had been five days out of six eggs like this one. She learned from Mother Red-headed Woodpecker that their menu through the year consisted of grasshoppers, flies, beetles, ants, berries, fruits and nuts; also that they were the cousins of Hairy, Pileated, Lewis and Gila Woodpeckers.

BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Liloriole stayed two whole days with Mother Baltimore Oriole. And that cradle—that swinging cradle of grasses, plant fibers and string was much to her liking. With fine grass, wool and hair it was lined. In it were four baby Orioles who came four days before from four eggs like unto this one. Late on the afternoon she arrived they had cankerworms for supper. And they, the four baby Baltimore Orioles—Garna Galbula, Garcia Galbula, George Galbula and Grace Galbula—were hungry; and breakfast, dinner and supper time came often during each day. While with these dear babies, whose scientific name is *Icterus galbula*, Liloriole learned that they were cousins to Blackbirds and Meadowlarks.

CEDAR WAXWING

It was June time when she came unto the home of the Cedar Waxwings in Cedar tree. The nest was made of twigs, grass, moss and catkins. The four babies in it had been seven days out of four eggs like unto this one. Now these four babies—Carol Cedrorum, Carl Cedrorum, Clara Cedrorum, and Cleo Cedrorum—were fed raspberries, cankerworms, bark lice and grasshoppers. She learned that their scientific name was *Ampelis cedrorum*—and that their cousins were Phainopeplas.

ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

On the sixth day of June she came unto the house of Rosebreasted Grosbeak in the great blackberry vine. Seven feet and two inches above the ground it was—like a saucer it was shaped—and it was builded loosely, of several rootlets. In it were four Grosbeak children who had four days before come out of four eggs like unto this one. Liloriole was very hungry and the first course served after her arrival consisted of potato bugs. Now Liloriole was very fond of potatoes but felt that she must draw the line at potato bugs; so she waited until the next course, which consisted of seeds, and she ate four.

EAGLE

High, higher on a mountain side—up, up to a ridge Liloriolle and Twilight traveled to the home of Eagle—to the home of the King of Birds. It was June time and the young Eagles were almost ready to leave their nursery. Liloriolle wondered how long since they had come from the eggs—she wondered about a number of things. The nest was so, so big that there seemed no place to cuddle down. Anyway, she wanted to find out some things first. She learned that these two baby Eagles came in April out of two dull white eggs, marked with blotches of brown and gray—and that these eggs were laid in March. She saw the Baby Eagles eat squirrels and rabbits. Many things she learned of Eagle family ways, and these she writes of in another book. Two days she lingered at Eagle Castle, which was made of many sticks and was a bit over fifty-six inches wide. She learned also that these two Baby Eagles wore coats of down before they had their coats of feathers, that their scientific name was *Aquila chrysaetos*, and that Mother and Father Golden Eagle mate for life.

YELLOW JACKET

There came a day when Liloriolle came unto the home of the descendants of the world's first paper makers—unto the cradle of the Wasp fairies. And this home was of paper made of wood pulp. From old worn boards and fences these Yellow Jacket fairies had secured their material, and by saliva in their mouths it had been reduced to a pulp—then layer on layer was placed. Liloriolle went exploring in Wasp palace and bumped into a nurse—from her she learned that the combs were not for storing honey, but that the Baby Wasps were there cradled. And the funny part about it was that these chubby larval youngsters hung head downward. She saw the nurse feeding the Baby Wasps, and noticed that they all faced toward the center of the nest so that nurse did not need to turn their heads about to feed them. They were all arranged in nice order, making possible a Hooverizing of the time required for their feeding. Liloriolle thought Mesdame Yellow Jackets' taste in the matter of dress very becoming. The yellow trimmings were so well arranged and stripes were becoming, as they were slender folk. Also their hair was done in the pompadour way (now Liloriolle had seen a certain Lady Yellow Jacket under the microscope some years before—and noted her hair being done pompadour). She saw one lady much larger than the other Yellow Jackets—and learned that this was Queen Vespa. Now, Queen Vespa was a busy personality and had not much time for conversation, as she was busily engaged in laying more eggs that there might be more baby Yellow Jackets in the world. Other Wasp people about were caring for the baby Wasps, who were on the way to being grown-up Yellow Jackets. The workers now busily caring for eggs, and chubby youngsters who had come out of like eggs, had themselves come out of the first eggs laid by Queen Vespa in the Spring.



KINGBIRD.

3 Life-size.

BOB WHITE

One day in May she came unto the home of Bob White in the field at the foot of a stump. The cradle was only a slight depression in the ground lined with grasses and leaves, but in it were fifteen eggs like unto this one. And Mother and Father Bob White took turns at keeping those eggs warm—and Liloriole nestled under the wing of one and under the wing of the other. Later, when the fluffy brown baby Bob Whites were about, Liloriole met them one day and roamed about with them. She learned that they were very fond of grass seeds, berries, and insects. She also learned that their scientific name is *Colinus virginianus*.

PROTHONOTARY WARBLER

Near unto a stream she met Father Prothonotary Warbler, and in a tree close unto the water was the Prothonotary cradle. In it were four eggs. Mother and Father Prothonotary Warbler were lovely to Liloriole.

SCARLET TANAGER

Liloriole perched on the leaf of a tree and sat there wondering to what home her next visit would be, when along came Father Scarlet Tanager to get a caterpillar and another caterpillar from that tree—and having secured the caterpillars, he paused a moment beside the leaf upon which Liloriole sat and moved a little nearer that she might mount upon his back, for he was going to take her to Mother Scarlet Tanager (who hasn't a speck of scarlet upon her, but who is yellow and green). He had heard the Earth Things talking—the grass, the flowers, and the many little folk that live in the earth and upon the earth—and telling one another of Liloriole's search for the homes of Fairyland. So Scarlet Tanager knew of her search and he knew that she would like to know Mother Scarlet Tanager and the little Tanagers three.

HORNED LARK

In the grass field was the home of Horned Larks. Of grasses and corn leaves it was made, and was near unto a tuft of grass. In the nest were four eggs like unto this one—and Liloriole named the four little birds that were to be—*Otis Otocoris*, *Otho Otocoris*, *Othella Otocoris* and *Ora Otocoris*—for their scientific name was *Otocorus alpestris*. Mother and Father Horned Lark were very fond of weed seeds. Liloriole was glad to learn that they were cousins of Skylark of Europe of whom the poet sings:

“Up with me! Up with me into the clouds! For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me! up with me into the clouds! Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky above thee ringing.
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver.”—Wordsworth.

CHIPPING SPARROW

It was on a May day eleven days past the first day that Liloriolē came unto the home of Chipping Sparrow in the fir tree. And great was her joy as she entered into the home built of little things, little grasses and little roots; for within it she met again Mother Chipping Sparrow, whose nursery she had assisted last year when she was a big girl. This nest, too, was lined with hair, even as the home of last year. In it were three Chipping Sparrow babies only three days out of the blue eggs like unto this one. And as she lingered with them she was fed upon a varied diet—seeds of last year's Fox-tail and Crab grass, Pig Weed and Chickweed, Cabbage Worms and Canker Worms. Near the end of the second day she said goodbye to the babies three and called each one by his scientific name, *Spizella socialis*.

BLUE GRAY GNATCATCHER

Liloriolē, lingering in a treetop, was puzzled when she heard a low call twice repeated. It sounded a bit like the voice of the Mother Mouse, with whom she had stayed one day last week. While she was pondering over this mouse-like call, the fairy who had given it with a flip and a hop was on the branch beside her. She soon learned that he had two names—Blue Gray Gnatcatcher and Sylvan Flycatcher; that his home was nearby, and that having learned of her mission he had come to invite her to spend the night with Mother Blue Gray Gnatcatcher and the baby Blue Gray Gnatcatchers five, who had so recently come out of five pale greenish-white eggs with pretty spots of lilac and reddish brown upon them.

Liloriolē, standing up, took a good deep breath, tied back her curls with thistledown, fastened on her birch-bark sandals, and was ready to start upon the journey with Blue Gray Gnatcatcher.

"Oh," said she, when in seventeen seconds they stopped three trees away.

"Yes," said he, "you were very near unto our fairy home." There it was a tiny, cup-shaped cradle, all covered with lichens—and when Liloriolē was inside she thought it so lovely that she decided to nestle down among the nestlings and go to sleep at once.

"Not yet, not yet, dear child!" said Mother Blue Gnatcatcher—"Supper first." And for supper they had gnats, flies, and mosquitoes for dessert.

RED-EYED VIREO

It was in the oak tree—in a forked twig. It was cup-shaped and made of grasses, little strips of bark, lichens and vegetable fibers. In it were five eggs just like this one. Liloriolē knew not whose home it was until—until Mrs. Red-eyed Vireo came and nestled down upon the eggs, whereupon Liloriolē edged near unto the rim of the nest and asked her if it was her home. And in this home with Mother Vireo, whose other name is *Vireo olivaceus*, she spent the night and learned that when the Vireo babies came from the five eggs they would be hungry and would be fed insects and berries.



BLUE-GRAY GNATCATCHER.
(*Poliptila caerulea*)
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Life-size.

TRAP-DOOR SPIDER

Tripping along on a southern hillside she stubbed her toe on the rim of something and landed on the round door of something. So much like the earth around it this rim and door looked that she thought it would be difficult for a grown-up person to find it. After she got up she sat down by this queer thing and wondered what it was. She had not been wondering long when something big and blackish with eight great fuzzy legs pushed the door open from beneath, and who was it but Trap-Door Spider, the maker and owner of the home. Liloriolo learned from him that he had dug the tunnel in the ground, then coated the wall of it with earth and saliva, and then had lined the tunnel with silk.

GOLDFINCH

In May, June and July she watched for the Goldfinch home, but found it not. One hot August day when going along a hillside among Vine-Maples she caught sight of a bit of olive-brown. It was the Mother Goldfinch at home. The home was in a crotch of the Vine-Maple, and it was made of many plant fibers. Liloriolo had not long been cuddled under Mother Goldfinch's wing when Father Goldfinch came to feed her. And the food he gave unto her was weed seeds. Liloriolo thought perhaps Goldfinches had put off home-building until the time when many weed seeds would be about for Baby Goldfinches to feed upon when they left the nest—and she also thought she could hardly wait until Baby Goldfinches came from those four pale bluish white eggs. Father Goldfinch told her that their scientific name was *Astragalinus tristis*, and that their cousins were Sparrows, Buntings and Grosbeaks.

GALL DWELLERS

From the Wind Fairies she learned of the palaces wherein dwell tiny fairies, who become, when they grow up, tiny flies—and at their growing up leave their tiny palaces. Liloriolo had often wondered what caused those Oak Apples on the leaves—the ones children call pop-balls—and she learned that these same pop-balls are the palaces of little folk, who when they grow up go out into the big world—little four-winged flies. On the stems of plants she found also Galls—and the dweller within one of these spoke thus unto her:

“A green little world with me at its heart!
A house grown by magic, of a green stem a part;
My walls give me food and protect me from foes,
I eat at my leisure, in safety repose.
My house hath no window, 'tis dark as the night!
But I make me a door and batten it tight;
And when my wings grow I throw wide my door,
And to my green castle I return nevermore.”

IN OUR CATHEDRAL

"Today dawned not upon the earth as other days have done,
A throng of little virgin clouds stood waiting for the sun,
Till the herald-winds aligned them and they blushed, and stood aside
As the marshals of the morning flung the eastern portals wide."—Carryl.

To-day has been such a wonderful day in Our Cathedral. You see, there is no church near the lumber camp; but we children of the camp have services in Our Own Cathedral.

"Where gentle breezes strive to bless,
And all God's world knows happiness."

This Cathedral of ours stands in the forest—is a part of the strengthening forest. Its dome is blue or gray as is the day—for its dome is the sky. Its pillars are old and gray—the beautiful gray of the trunks of the tall forest kings, whose branches are ever green.

"To loiter down lone alleys of delight,
And hear the beating of the hearts of trees,
And think the thoughts that lilies speak in white,
By greenwood pools and pleasant passages."—Lanier.

Its carpet is soft and velvety—is of the mosses that We Children have gathered from many parts of the valley.

"Oh! to be friends with the lichens, the low creeping vines and the mosses
There close to lie;
Gazing aloft at each pine-plume that airily, playfully tosses
'Neath the blue sky."

The pews are old logs overgrown with moss and vines. The altar is a large old rock—and vines entwine it lovingly—and all about it are planted many frail blossoms—and they grow among the mosses where we have placed them in His Cathedral.

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."—Wordsworth.

Anenores, One-flowered Wintergreens, Twin-Flowers, Spring Beauties, and Calypso carpet the woodland floor. Along the aisle that winds from the entrance to our great room of worship we have planted many ferns—and along the way the gold and scarlet Columbines. A brook flows at the side of Our Cathedral, and ever and ever 'tis singing a song that makes the hearts of We Children glad.

"A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,

IN OUR CATHEDRAL

Herein we meet for worship—Often I don't preach a sermon, but we have a few minutes in meditation.

"Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words."—Longfellow.

Now, beside the dear camp children, there are also others who belong to my congregation—and these attend a part of the time when brought to service. The ones they usually attend are the services I conduct alone on week days. I have endeavored to bring them a few times to regular Lord's Day service; but on account of the presence of the other children they are restless and not on good behavior—so they are only privileged to attend my weekday services—which are everyday whether it's sunshiny or rainy, for the Lord God abides in His Cathedral the whole year round. Of course I know that He is very, very busy with so many people now in the world, and all those that have been before. But wherever I go I trust in His great love and am happy just in being a wee part of this great world.

About the attendance on week days: there is Julius Caesar Napoleon—now he always attends at least one service a week, usually a vesper service—and at intervals he pokes his nose into my pocket for the grub of a beetle. It was a long time before I could make him understand that even a Skunk must be quiet during prayer or the reading of the Holy Bible. Now the way I accomplished this—was to give Julius Caesar Napoleon two extra fat grubs just after prayer or reading the Bible—and he keeps quiet until I am through.

Orlando: "Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."—Shakespeare.

Other members of the congregation on week days are: Pliny and Aristotle—two adorable folks to preach to—why they keep just as quiet during the reading of the Bible except when a fly or other insect passes close by them—and being Toads they make the most of the opportunity. Then there are Cicero and Pandora, two dear Chipmunks—and Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam—that adorable Meadow Mouse. These are very attentive at services—except for the wiggling of tails. Then Michael Angelo, the Porcupine, strays in for services sometimes—but it's mostly salt he wants. Also sometimes Marie Antoinette, a beautiful speckled hen, rides to service on my shoulder. (She is privileged on account of exceptional good behavior during the last year, to attend Sunday services as well as week days.)

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—Shakespeare.

IN OUR CATHEDRAL

"A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard: O, follow, follow, follow me."—Shelley.

I walked in the forest to-day—when the Storm King passed by. The winds, they did whistle and shriek, and the day it was bleak. But I love to walk in the forest on just such a day—with the wind against my face and the rain upon it. Most o' the wee folk are hidden away at storm time—but the ferns, they bow their fronds together—and the trees, they touch hands as the wind goes rushing through. 'Tis then that the Cathedral is as a great pipe-organ—with many harmonies thereon being played. But first one must have deep, deep within one's heart the love of the forest wrapped in storm or else one hears not these great symphonies that carry one's soul in the storm and above it to tranquil peace—for the things that sometimes trouble and puzzle me go away as I tramp in the storm—and in their place comes His abiding peace that gives me strength to overcome the difficulties in the way. —I think that Robert Burns, too, would have found inspiration listening to the storm symphonies in Our Cathedral.

"There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I don't know if I should call it pleasure, but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood on a cloudy winter day, and hear a stormy wind howling among the trees and roving o'er the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who walks on the wings of the wind."—Robert Burns.

Hark! 'tis our Northern Nightingale that sings
In far-off, leafy cloisters, dark and cool,
Flinging his flute-notes bounding from the skies!
Thou wild musician of the mountain-streams,
Most tuneful minstrel of the forest-choirs,
Bird of all grace and harmony of soul,
Unseen, we hail thee for thy blissful voice!
"Upon yon tremulous mist where morning wakes
Illimitable shadows from their dark abodes,
Or in this woodland glade tumultuous grown
With all the murmurous language of the trees,
No blither presence fills the vocal space."

I heard again that same sweet song within the woods to-day. It lingers with me yet. 'Twas in the Cathedral I heard him singing. And life is sweeter for having heard his song.

When night comes unto the Cathedral We Children fear not, for God abides within—and his love is round about us where'er we go. To-night we have been watching the stars.

"These blessed candles of the night."—Shakespeare.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."—Longfellow.



FROM COL. F. N. WOODRUFF.

WARBLING VIREO.
Life-size.

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IN OUR CATHEDRAL

And God seems so near here in Our Cathedral in the forest. I think that He must surely understand our loving Him.

"I hear the wind among the trees,
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument."—Longfellow.

We learn many things from the Fern fairies who dwell in our Cathedral. Some dwelt there before we came to worship in the Cathedral—others were brought from different places in the valley, and from ravines and canyons. I think that the Fern fairies, too, love our Cathedral. Softly we go among them, and talk with them, and listen unto them. Someone who loves Fern fairies walked with me in our Cathedral one day, and told me of a poet, in a land beyond the sea, who also loved to listen to the voices of the Ferns—and wrote of their message for the Children of Men—and this is the message—the message he gave unto the world as the voices of Fern fairies spoke—this the message We Children of the lumber-camps love and keep in our hearts—and that you may know its joy I have written it here as it was told unto me that day when one who loves the Ferns walked in our Cathedral.

"I lay among the ferns,
Where they lifted their fronds, innumerable, in the greenwood wilderness, like wings
winnowing the air;
And their voices went past me continually.
And I listened, and lo! softly inaudibly raining, I heard not the voices of the ferns
only, but of all living creatures:
Voices of mountain and star,
Of cloud, and forest and ocean,
And of the little rills tumbling amid the rocks,
And of the high tops where the moss-beds are and the springs arise
As the wind at mid-day rains whitening over the grass,
As the night bird glimmers a moment, fleeting between the lonely watcher and the
moon,
So softly inaudibly they rained,
Where I sat silent.

And in the silence of the greenwood I knew the secret of the growth of the ferns;
I saw their delicate leaflets tremble, breathing an undescribed and unuttered life;
And round them the mountains and the stars dawned in glad companionship for ever.
Who shall understand the words of the ferns lifting their fronds innumerable?
Who, going forth with his heart like Nature's garden,
Shall hear through his soul the voices of all creation,
Voices of mountain and star, voices of all men,
Softly audibly raining?—shall seize and fix them,
Rivet them fast with love, no more to lose them?"

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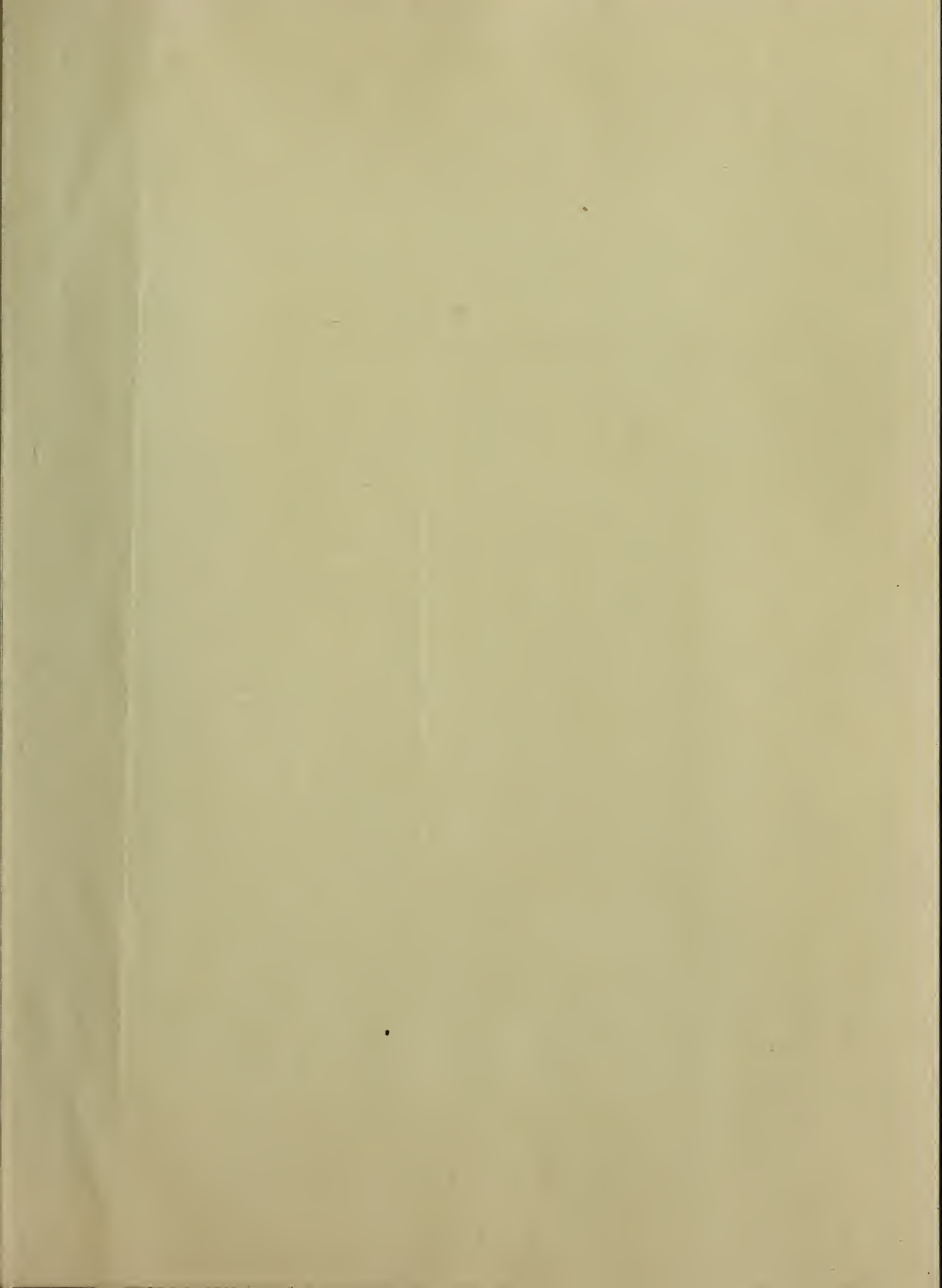
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